

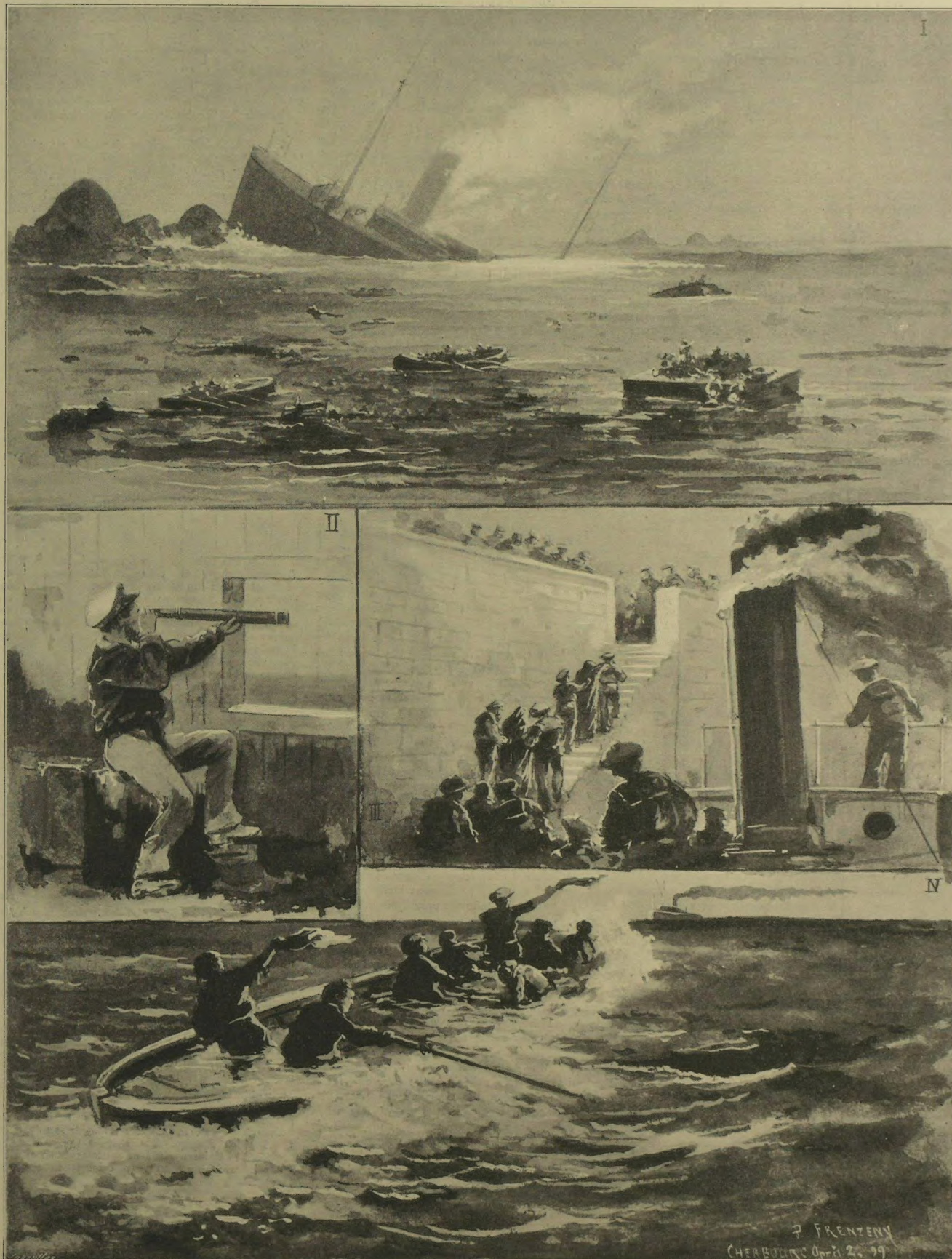
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3129.—VOL. CXIV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



1. The Foundering at the Roche Noire.

2. Pierre Normand, Coastguard at Tardeheu, discovers the Survivors.

3. Landing of Survivors.

4. The Rescue.

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA."

Sketched by our Special Artist, who visited the scene of the disaster, and interviewed Messrs. Phillip, Anderson, and Reuss, survivors.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If you had been lurking near Westminster Bridge on Good Friday morning, you would have seen a strange vehicle with yellow wheels and a large hood, rather like a parcels delivery van, which softly hummed a little song and left a nice white vapour curling gracefully behind it. This was a motor-car—not, if you please, the crude invention which usually answers to that name, and runs away with people down hill, or sticks ignominiously at the bottom. That (I blush to say) is too often the behaviour of the English motor-car; but the chariot of which I speak was an automobile from France, a triumph of the mechanical genius we so hastily deny to our neighbours, and driven by a French engineer in a green uniform, beside whom sat the proud owner, determined to rouse his countrymen from the lamentable apathy with which they regard this development of scientific travel. For a moment you might have noticed that he turned with an earnest face to address somebody behind him—a passenger who was buried at the back of the hood, where he received the full tide of eloquent demonstration that the automobile was destined to revolutionise the highways of England, and revive the neglected industry of inn-keeping. This country was the slave of the railway interest, but let directors beware, let shareholders tremble for their dividends! Who would want to journey by train when he could bowl down to the seaside on pneumatic tyres, which made him fancy that the earth was an india-rubber ball? Did the passenger know how much this present expedition of eighty miles to Broadstairs would cost? Two-and-nine-pence, Sir! All the way for two-and-nine, spent on a little petroleum! True, the hood concealed his raptures from the world which supposed him to be parcels; but when the rain cleared away in the afternoon, he would emerge in triumph and fill beholders with envy!

I can testify that the passenger listened to this with mixed feelings. He was thinking feebly of the people who, in the early days of railways, had their first experience of a strange and uncanny locomotion. Their friends, he remembered, saw them off at the station with sad farewells, as if they could not reasonably expect to be seen alive again. Don't suppose that he was suffering merely from acute concern about his own safety. On that score he was relieved by the reflection that, as the automobile weighed a ton and a half, it might be trusted to remove too obtrusive corners and widen the thoroughfares without incurring any serious damage. But the refrain of one of Albert Chevalier's most famous ballads haunted him—

Laugh? Why, I thought I should have died—
Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road!

The Old Kent Road was alive with people this Good Friday morning. Suppose they should be seized with a delirium, and throw themselves under this new car of Juggernaut! Are you saddened by the thought that you have exhausted the whole available stock of thrills? Try a ride in an automobile, and control, if you can, the feverish suspicion that the monster will draw every living thing under its wheels!

But after a time the calm alertness of Emile in the green uniform, and the ease with which he checked his eight-horse-power engine, began to quiet my nerves. I pictured eight horses pawing the air, and was glad that we had not them, but their spirits in petroleum as motive force. When I ceased to wonder whether every child on a doorstep would rush upon destruction, it was possible to appreciate the humours of the moment. For instance, there was Emile's anxiety about the police. "Les bobbies sont partout," he murmured when stalwart gentlemen in blue regarded him critically. A French gendarme would not have given him a tremor; but the autoerast who directs the traffic of London with a wave of the hand filled him with awe. A genial showman we met on Shooter's Hill clearly thought that we were novices starting in his line of business. "You've heard of me, I daresay," he remarked. "My van's the Invicta; we've done thirteen hundred and fifty-two miles. And hills! This here is nothing to 'em. Wait till you get to Lincoln." He impressed Lincoln upon us as a necessary part of our education. There was no unworthy jealousy about him. Besides, he looked at me with a patronising eye, as if he thought that when it came to spangles and tumbling on a carpet I should not prove a serious competitor.

Then there were flights of cyclists who raced manfully in front for a while, but had soon to lag crestfallen in the rear. It was a painful thought that Emile and his French machinery were out so much British muscle, and dimmed the glory of Wellington's squares at Waterloo. But I must confess that patriotic shame was not our dominant emotion. It was impossible to resist the triumph of watching derisive curiosity change to melancholy wonder. In the presence of any strange invention it is the instinct of the true-born Briton to expect a breakdown. He feels this is due to his self-esteem, and to the well-tried institutions of his country. In every town we passed through I felt that the population did not want to see us utterly crushed and humiliated. They would have proffered with the utmost good-nature

any help that might have been needed, and wished us better luck. But when they found that the motor-car neither stuck nor exploded, and pursued its way with a speed that defied rivalry, a respectful sadness fell upon them, though here and there, on the outskirts of a crowd, subdued resentment glowed in a youthful eye. Beyond criticism, we became inhuman—something to be propitiated rather than admired. Even owners of startled horses lost that fluency and freedom with which a man who is offended on the highway is wont to liberate his sentiments. My host, who is an Englishman of the English, groaned over the obstinacy of his countrymen. "We used to be the pioneers of science," he said. "See what we have done for railways and electrical engineering! But now I have to bring an automobile from France to show what a motor-car ought to be, and every man sticks his back against a shutter and glares at me as if I were a Napoleonic invader!"

Some philosopher has taken up his parable against public holidays. He has figured out the waste of energy on athletics, and calculated that the time devoted to cycling would enable many young men to master chemistry or a modern language. Our grandfathers, he insists, would have been aghast at our reckless passion for unprofitable recreation. This citation of grandfathers would be more impressive if it could be shown that they turned their spare time to educational uses. Grandpapa had no Bank Holiday; he did not ride a bicycle nor study the football editions of the evening papers; but when he could steal an afternoon from business he went to a cock-fight or backed the Bermondsey Chicken against the Islington Mauler. If our progenitors had been inflamed with zeal for improving their minds, we should have had an efficient system of public education a generation sooner. What is the use of telling a cyclist that he ought to give his spare hours to the study of a modern language? He can quote grandpapa too. In the opinion of that old gentleman, English was the mother tongue of commerce, and the only salvation for the foreigner was to acquire our melodious idioms. I heard a young man lately expounding this family tradition to an appreciative circle. "Why should an Englishman," said he, "bother his head about learning French and German? Depend upon it, English is the universal language of business. If it were not, why should Germans come over here to learn it?" He neglected to state that knowledge of English is only a part of German erudition. But most Englishmen still hold with grandpapa, and it is decidedly more agreeable to spend a holiday at football than to pore over grammars.

One advantage of holidays out of town is that you develop your resources of conversation. Who does not yearn to escape from the monotonous round of topics to which he is confined by his daily toil? In the country there is a fresh stimulus to ideas, especially when your hostess has the forethought to banish threadbare subjects from the table. This is done by an admirable device which ought to be widely adopted. Having edited the menu for dinner, the hostess applies her mind to the much more serious question of spiritual nourishment. What shall the company say? The point is not to prescribe any special topic, but to eliminate whatever may be stale or dangerous. So, when you are dressing, a servant brings you a neat little perfumed note, in which you read, "You are requested not to talk about the influenza or the crisis in the Church this evening." This is rather hard if you have been in the habit of expounding a delicate point of ritual between the soup and the salad, or of enlivening the fish by explaining that quinine (neat or ammoniated) makes a capital liqueur, to say nothing of a safeguard against the infection which is so rife at promiscuous dinner-parties. Personally I am indebted to the influenza for a certain degree of celebrity. You don't know what fame is till you have been introduced in a drawing-room before a convalescent dinner as "the man who has never had the flu." Women smile upon you with tender solicitude, and murmur prescriptions. Would any of these charming creatures feel a pang if they knew that you were stricken by the fell disease? They would not; but they would cheerfully form a committee of nurses to discuss their own historical symptoms at your bedside.

The newspaper enterprise which catalogues for us the wedding presents of American brides is very helpful to conversation. I have known a dinner saved from a desolating controversy about the Ornaments Rubric by the timely worldliness which threw in the services of gold plate which the daughter of an American millionaire has received from her affectionate relatives. Much cheered by this diversion, the company were soon discussing harmoniously the earliest time of day when ladies were entitled to make a public display of jewellery. Paul Bourget complained that American women at Newport came down to breakfast in their diamonds. This was voted ostentatious, but it was agreed that pearls might be worn in the Park in the morning. Tilda, the flower-girl in "Number 5, John Street," would not have demurred to this. She turned all her savings into wedding-rings, which she could not wear, poor dear, because they would have caused misunderstandings in John Street. But if the profits of the flower business could have been converted into pearls, Tilda would have been glad to put her financial success on a decorative basis.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, arrived at Civita Vecchia on March 27, and spent the next day in Rome, seeing the art galleries and antiquities at the Vatican; they dined at the Grand Hotel, and returned to the yacht. On the day before, their Royal Highnesses were at the Isle of Elba, where they visited the house occupied by Napoleon I. in 1814. It is rumoured that the Queen intends to visit Corsica and his birthplace at Ajaccio. The *Osborne*, with the Princess of Wales and her daughters, arrived at Naples on March 30, but on Monday the Princess went to Rome by railway, and it is understood that she has given up her intended voyage to Greece and Crete, and that she is going to Denmark. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and Princess Frederick of Prussia were in Rome last week, and lunched with the King and Queen of Italy at the Quirinal Palace.

Lord Salisbury has accepted the proposal of the German Government that a Samoan Commission be appointed. No apology has been offered to Germany by America for the bombardment of Apia, a mere expression of regret that such a course was necessary being all that was communicated. This Germany accepted as an act of friendly courtesy.

The Earl of Kimberley has been appointed Chancellor of the University of London.

The Easter holidays have brought an almost total pause of home politics. Lord Salisbury goes over from Beaulieu to lunch with the Queen at Cimiez, where Mr. Goschen, accompanied by his son, has been the Minister in attendance. Mr. Balfour has been staying with Mr. Percy Wyndham at East Knoyle, near Salisbury. Before leaving the Treasury, he received a deputation of the International Peace Crusade, with the Bishop of London. Other Ministers have been in the country. Few speeches have been delivered. There has been a Socialist and Labour Party Conference at Leeds, opened on Good Friday, Mr. Sidney Webb presiding, attended by members, both men and women, elected to municipal or local public bodies.

The weather during the Easter holidays in England has been dry and tolerably warm, with southerly and westerly winds, and sunshine in the afternoon.

Two collisions of steamers in the Channel took place, both near the Beachy Head Light-ship, and within half an hour of each other, on Good Friday evening, when there was a thick fog there. The Hamburg steamer *Pontos*, from Buenos Ayres, with a cargo of wheat, cattle, and sheep for Deptford, was run into by the *Star of New Zealand*, of Belfast, going down Channel outward bound, and quickly sank. The crew, officers, and passengers were saved in the boats after drifting about five hours. Some damage was done to the other vessel, which had to turn back for repairs. The Sunderland steamer *Heathpool*, with coal for St. Nazaire, was run into by the *Ethelinda*, of Whitby, and sunk; eight of the crew were drowned. Several other misfortunes are reported. A Boulogne fishing-smack was wrecked with loss of six lives.

There has been no grand mimic battle on this year's Easter Monday of the collective Volunteer military forces of London and the Home Counties. But they have been employed in instructive exercises; the South London Brigade, under command of Colonel Fludger, from Aldershot north-east to Woking, Brookwood, and Bisle; the Surrey Brigades at Winchester; the North London Brigade at Canterbury, with some fighting manoeuvres; the Artillery Corps, with those of Kent, and the Engineers at the forts on the Thames and Medway, at Gravesend, Tilbury, Chatham, and Sheerness; the Hon. Artillery Company's Infantry at Gosport; the London Rifle Brigade at Brighton; other battalions at Hounslow, and one at Colchester.

The revenue returns for the financial year closing on March 31 show a net increase of £1,841,000, as compared with the preceding year, chiefly in excise, property and income tax, and post-office, but a decrease of £951,000 in Customs. The total estimated expenditure is nearly £108,689,000, while the total revenue actually received is £108,336,000.

The Admiralty and the Post-Office Department have given notice to all the Atlantic mail-carrying steamship companies, American, British, and Canadian, of the termination in September of the existing mail contracts and agreements for subventions, with a view to make new arrangements on terms better for the British Government.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on March 30, voted the Budget, and adjourned to May 2; the Senate to May 9. The Government is sending a war-ship, the cruiser *d'Assas*, to the French port of Djibouti, on the east coast of Africa, to bring home Major Marchand and his companions after their journey from the Upper White Nile across the region south of Abyssinia. He is to receive honours and promotion.

Continental newspapers have found little to discuss in politics except the agreement between France and England concerning their mutual limits of action in North Central Africa. Germany heartily approves of it, and congratulates England; but Italy seems not well pleased with the prospect that France will get the trade of the interior Mohammedan States, Bornu, Baghirmi, and Wadai, drawing it off to the Niger or to the Congo, instead of its going by caravan to Tripoli. It is said also that the Sultan is disposed to protest, as Tripoli is a dependency of the Turkish Empire. The Belgian Congo State, too, is supposed to claim a right to settlements on the Bahr-el-Ghazal, which undoubtedly belongs to the Egyptian Sudan.

The American army in the Philippines, to the north-west of Manila, advanced last week, under command of General Otis, from Malabon to the town of Malolos, which had been made the headquarters of Aguinaldo's native Provisional Government. On Friday morning General M'Arthur's brigade attacked Malolos and captured it after three hours, with slight loss in fighting; the enemy set fire to the town and then withdrew.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

XXI.—BADAJOS.

The name of Badajos (pronounced Badahoss) at once suggests one of the bloodiest and most heroic sieges recorded in all history. Twice beleaguered by the British, and twice abandoned, it was a third time invested by Wellington in person, and carried by assault. In his "Alice Lorraine," Mr. Blackmore, as readers may remember, gives an incidental picture of the heroism and horrors of this unparalleled siege; but in all military literature there is nothing that surpasses in graphic grandeur the description of the event, which glows with all the lurid illumination of the assault itself, in the immortal pages of Napier. The Seven Years' War, waged by Frederick the Great, is often pointed to as one of the most sanguinary conflicts that ever devastated Europe. But, after all, it was but a patch on the war of almost equal duration on which England entered to defend her commerce from the malignant despotism of Napoleon, and to free her ally, Portugal, from the combined yoke of France and Spain. Begun in 1808, this Peninsular War had gone on, with varying fortune, for four years, when the French, under Soult and Marmont, were pressing more heavily than ever on the frontier of Portugal; and it behoved Wellington, above all things, to obtain possession of Ciudad Rodrigo ("City of Roderick") in the north, no less than Badajos in the south, as being the two main keys and buttresses of the border.

At the beginning of the year (1812) the former fortress was besieged and taken by storm in the most brilliant manner; and then the British forces, thus released, set about the third and final investment of Badajos. This old fortified town, which stands in a most formidable position on the left bank of the Guadiana, at the angle of its confluence with the Rivilas, was surrounded by a wall comprising eight bastions, in addition to a series of strong outer works and forts; and it had everything of a defensive nature in its favour, including its garrison, which consisted of about 5000 men under General Philippon—French, Germans (Hessians), and Spaniards. On the English side the besieging force numbered about 18,000, including the famous Light Division, with the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Divisions, and Hamilton's Portuguese. On two previous occasions Badajos had balked the besieging efforts, successively, of Beresford and Wellington. The latter was more than tired of all this ineffectual tinkering, and resolved that this hitherto inexpugnable place of arms on the Guadiana should now be taken at all costs and hazards, so that it might be used as a bulwark to block the forward march of the French upon the Portuguese capital. Accordingly, the sappers set to work with their approaches; but much precious time was lost through insufficiency of besieging material, so that, in the indignant words of Napier, "the crimes of politicians" (at home, as in the Crimean War) "had to be atoned for by the blood of the soldiers." To add to the difficulties of the British, frightful March storms arose and floods came down the Guadiana, washing away their flying bridges and cutting the line of supply. The horrors of the trenches before Sebastopol were nothing to the discomfort of the zigzags in front of Badajos. But by incredible exertions they were at last able to begin the bombardment, which soon resulted in the demolition and capture of two outworks, one of which, the Picurina, was "the Malakoff" of the place. Its assault had been a most bloody and desperate bit of work, yet mere child's play in comparison with what was still to come.

In the rear of this captured Picurina outwork the British were now quick to establish their breaching batteries, and were soon hammering away at the Trinidad and St. Maria bastions of the town, while repulsing the desperate sallies made by Philippon. At last, on April 6, three practicable breaches had been made, and Wellington, without previously summoning the garrison to surrender, as was the usage of war, gave orders for the general assault, which was now all the more imperative, as he dreaded the coming up of Soult to the relief of the place. The night was so dark that objects were quite invisible at twenty paces, and not a sound was heard in the trenches but the chirping of crickets and the croaking of frogs. But suddenly a blaze of light from a "carcase," or live bomb, hurled from the castle disclosed to the besieged the serried ranks of the "Fighting 3rd" Division advancing to the assault; while at the same time the guards of the trenches, under Major Wilson, rushed with such impetuosity on St. Roque that this other outwork fell immediately before their attack. Not so the castle, which, placed at an angle of the town fortifications, rained upon its assailants such a fearful torrent of blazing shells, powder-barrels, rocks, and logs of wood as if hell itself had suddenly been opened upon the heads of the stormers. Fearful was the massacre and mutilation of these, but nothing could break or beat down the invincible bravery of men who seemed in a perfect frenzy with the spirit of deliberate self-immolation; and very soon their ladders had enabled them to reach the ramparts and sweep them clean, as with a broom of bayonets, of their desperate defenders.

Thus the castle was won in a comparatively short space of time. But it was otherwise with the breaches in the bastions of the city's *enceinte*, where meanwhile "the tumult was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. . . . The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels."

Take another touch from the same master-hand (Napier's): "The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the batteries of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortation of the officers and the continual clatter of the musketry made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great

breach, as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. . . . Yet officers of all nations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out, as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame."

At last, however, the defenders of the breaches began to show signs of giving way on learning that the British had captured the castle and also forced their way into the town by the distant St. Vincent bastion; and soon thereafter Badajos had been won, with all its vast military stores and great strategical value—won, but at a cost to the British of 5000 men, 3500 of whom fell on the night of the assault. Badajos is at once the brightest and the blackest name on the colours of all the regiments which took part in its assault. For after the city had been captured, it became a prey to "shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, strikes and piteous lamentations." The British soldier had been inflamed to more than madness and brutality by the awful carnage of the breaches, and nothing would satisfy him but the savage sack of the town. "Nevertheless," as Napier says, "no age, no nation ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos." Wellington has been blamed for the awful butchery to which he sent his troops. But his aim was a most important one, and a commander must achieve his object at all and every cost.—CHARLES LOWE.

THE EARLY WORK OF A GENIUS.

"The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley" (John Lane), one of the finest of the many fine books that bear the Bodley Head imprint, is mainly concerned with the work that preceded Beardsley's connection with the *Savoy*, his "Rape of the Lock" and "Volpone" drawings. The collector will find in it a singularly complete and exhaustive series of reproductions, wherein he will be able to follow the progress of Aubrey Beardsley from those first drawings wherein the influence of Burne-Jones is clearly evident, to the Japanese art of the "Salome" illustrations, and, further, to the work which made the *Yellow Book* notorious. Only the "Morte d'Arthur" illustrations are omitted.

Beardsley was but twenty-four years old when he died, and the meteoric qualities of his career are abundantly illustrated in the volume before us. Within the brief space at his disposal he seems to have compressed the mental adventure of an ordinary lifetime. At first he is idealist, a romantic illustrator treading in the footsteps of Burne-Jones and Puvis de Chavannes; then, yielding to the curious fascinations of the Japanese masters, he throws off the mysticism of earlier effort, and in the "Salome" drawings presents us with a body of work permeated by this novel inspiration. The later *Yellow Book* drawings are peculiarly his own, and however much we may deplore the dire ugliness that sets these plates apart as something monstrous and obscene, we cannot but admire the wonderful command of artistic resource they so eloquently demonstrate. Never before had so much been expressed by a single line as in these Beardsley drawings; never before had artist gauged the infinite capacities of massed black and white in so triumphant a manner. In the "Garçons de Café," how superbly the accident of the white aprons is taken advantage of—half the picture is wrought with four strokes of the pen! And in the "Night Piece" (here not so well reproduced as originally) what a marvellous suggestion of varying textures there is in the scarce differentiated black masses—the black of patent leather in the shoes, of velvet in the hat, of glossy hair, and so further! Here Beardsley is always the decorative artist, bent on securing his pattern before everything. And it is his acceptance of this limitation that makes his work caviare to the general, to whose favour, by the bye, he was notoriously indifferent. Often and often he is said to have been deliberately set on outraging the Philistine, who, passing over the exquisite execution of these drawings—Beardsley's main concern—could see no further than the corrupt images wherein the artist half concealed the extreme beauty of his gift. Yet not even the most perverse of Beardsley's detractors but will see unmoved such lovely inventions as the patterns wherein he has set his *Salome* and her victim. Such designs as "The Peacock Skirt," "The Climax," so majestic a line as that displayed in "The Dancer's Reward" are eloquent, not only of taste and talent, but of that rarer essence—genius.—A.K.

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THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA."

A very great disaster in the Channel has saddened all who observe with pleasure, at holiday times, the multitudes of people, Londoners and others, availing themselves of railway and steam-boat special trips to the pleasant scenes within easy reach of us all. On Thursday afternoon, the



THE LATE CAPTAIN REEKS, OF THE "STELLA."

day before Good Friday, in a thick fog between Alderney and Guernsey, the London and South-Western Railway Company's fine steamer *Stella*, which had left Southampton at a quarter past eleven in the forenoon, was caught among the Casquet rocks, on her way to the islands, and, going at high speed, her steel bottom was torn open in a few minutes on a submerged reef of sharp jagged stone; six boats, with many passengers, all the women and children, were quickly put afloat, and life-belts were supplied; but one large boat was capsized; the ship presently sank, rent asunder by the explosion of her steam-boilers as the sea poured into the engine-rooms; nearly all who had remained on board were drowned. Seventy-five lives are lost; 106 were saved. There were 139 passengers; the ship's officers and crew numbered 42. The commander, Captain Reeks, the chief engineer, and other officers, with half the crew, perished on board the vessel; Mr. Wade, the chief officer, who was in charge of the boat carrying thirty or forty people, lost his life with them. Mr. J. Reynolds, the second mate, was the only officer who survived. Seventy passengers, most of them from London, were rescued after drifting about the sea in the boats until half-past six next morning. The spot where the *Stella* sank was twenty-three miles from Guernsey, nearly twenty miles from the French coast; the distance from Alderney would, perhaps, be eight miles, but the tide and current were strong against reaching the nearest land. There was great peril of being swamped; the boats were dangerously overlaid, with but two seamen for rowing each boat, assisted indeed by the men passengers. They were fifteen hours adrift, suffering much from cold, hunger, and thirst, as well as fatigue. The steamer ought to have arrived at St. Pierre, Guernsey, at half-past five in the afternoon; the disaster happened at half-past three. Early next morning it was made known at Southampton and in London. Another steamer, the *Lynx*, of the Great Western Railway Company's Channel Islands service, had picked up a boat-load of ladies and other passengers, and had taken them to Guernsey. The *Vera*, of the South-Western Company's line, making her usual daily trip, met with two of the *Stella*'s boats, carrying together fifty-seven people, and brought them on to Jersey. Several bodies of the dead have been cast ashore on the coast of France.

STORING ICE AT DAVOS.

The favourable opinion of English physicians concerning the advantages of Davos-Platz, near Chûr or Coire, in the Swiss Canton of the Grisons, as a residence for invalids suffering from pulmonary disease, has caused many of our countrymen to resort to that sanitarium. It is situated in a sheltered Alpine valley at an elevation of more than 5000 ft., almost surrounded by mountain ranges which protect it from the colder winds. A small lake in this hollow of the mountains, being covered with ice in the winter, affords very good skating, but is also utilised, to a large extent, for procuring a supply of ice to be sent down to the cities and towns of the lowlands, as an article of commerce. We illustrate the interesting process of ice-cutting, and of transporting the cut blocks to the railway.

THE VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA.

Simla, the summer residence of the Viceroy of India, is almost as widely renowned as the great city of Calcutta. In the region of the Outer Himalayas, to the north of Umballa in the Punjab, and between the upper courses of the Sutlej and Juma rivers, the hills rise to the height of 7400 ft., piled against the base of the great northern mountain rampart of India, which lifts its gleaming crest to an elevation thrice as great. These nether hills, covered for miles and miles with a forest of rhododendrons, present views incomparably grand. The visitor to Simla has leisure to enjoy this enchanting spectacle. There he will, of course, not find a stately city with palatial architecture, but a widely scattered village of bungalows and pretty houses or decorated villas in gardens, parks, or groves, the habitations mostly, in the hot season, of British Indian Government officials with their families; and the Viceroy's Lodge, some interior apartments of which are shown in our Illustrations, ought to be a comfortable refuge from the oppressive climate of the plains below, though his Excellency's official work and cares are, probably, little less at Simla than at Calcutta.

SKETCHES IN CORK.

Recommendations of Ireland as a holiday haunt have often been made, sometimes a little shrilly perhaps, and sometimes also by advisers to whom the prosperity of Ireland was the first consideration and the gratification of the tourist was the second. Nevertheless, the man who has gone to Ireland on rest or pleasure or picturesqueness bent, has generally been thoroughly pleased with his adventure, and none the less so because he had a double welcome—the welcome which a very hospitable country gives to visitors, and also that accorded them as money-spenders in a very poor one. Some sketches made in County Cork, and published to-day, will recall to those who have ever seen them certain effects of scenery and of atmosphere quite peculiar to the locality. Her mountains and moors, even more than her seas and lakes and streams, are Ireland's own; and the atmospheric

effects, so brilliant when they have been rain-washed, belong not exactly to any English skies; so that there the pleasures and surprises of foreign travel may almost be had by the English tourist. Glengariff, to the southwest of County Cork, is a favourite place. The glen is rocky, and yet wooded, and the village stands on a bay about three miles long, with a very irregular coast-line opening into the upper part of Bantry Bay, opposite Whiddy Island. The English fleet knows those waters, and Mr. Kipling made an acquaintance with them as a visitor on board one of her Majesty's ships before he wrote "A Fleet in Being." His description of a run inland in search of fishing, on a day of high spirits, will not be forgotten even by readers who have themselves never seen the coast and the adjacent country. Small lakes and romantic tarns are common to County Cork.

THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.

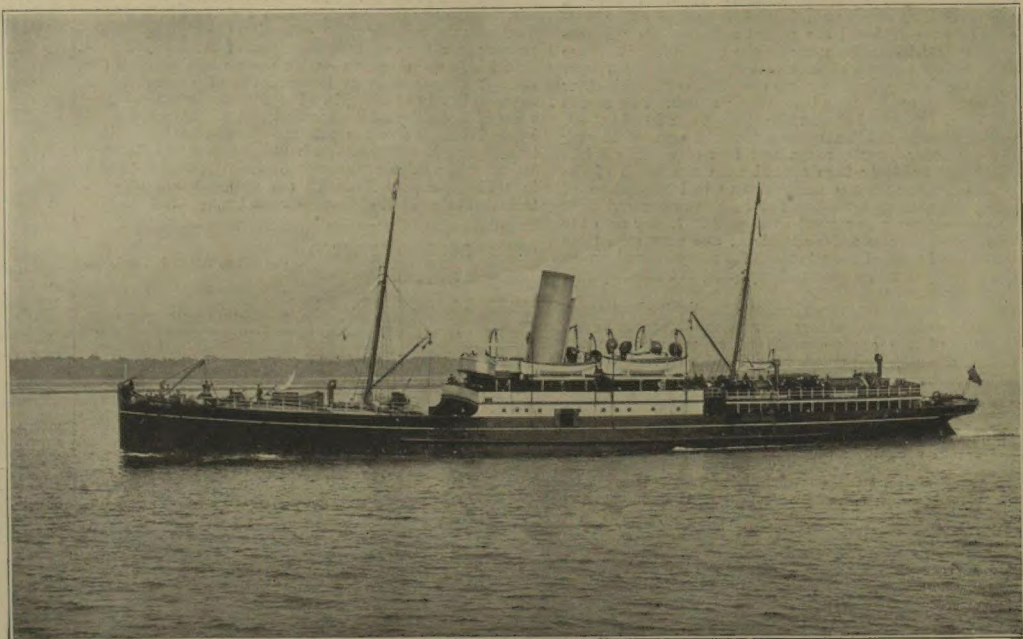
Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Henry of Battenberg and her boys, and the Duchess of York, has been enjoying the air and sunshine of the Riviera at Cimiez. At the Church Festival of the Annunciation there is held a picturesque local yearly market or fair of the gourds produced by the neighbouring peasantry, which are hollowed out, decorated with carving, and sold for drinking-cups. Our Queen and the Princesses visited this fair and made some purchases. The Empress Frederick of Germany was with them two days at the beginning of last week, and returned to Bordighera. The Empress, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria went to Cannes on March 28, met the Prince of Wales, and attended the commemorative service held at St. George's Chapel on the anniversary of the late Duke of Albany's death. The Duchess of York has left her Majesty this week, returning to England, and will visit Dublin next week with her husband. His Royal Highness has been angling near Balmoral.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. XV.—THE LLAMA.

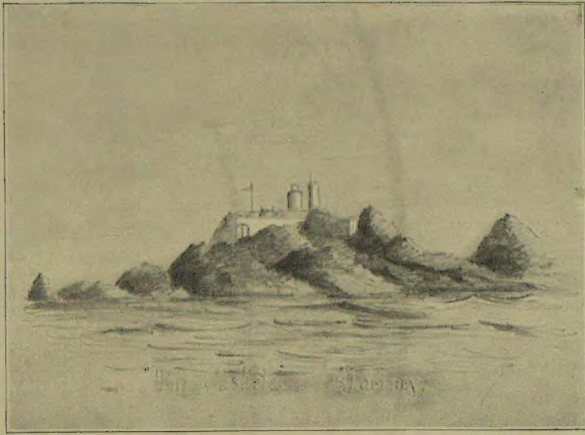
Previous to the Spanish colonisation of the New World, the llama and alpaca of the high Andes were the only large quadrupeds the natives had succeeded in domesticating. And that such domestication dates from an extremely remote epoch seems evident from the fact that both these animals differ so widely from their reputed wild ancestor as to be commonly regarded in the light of distinct species. Among naturalists the name "llama" is commonly applied in a general sense to all the four members of the group which collectively represents in South America the camels of the Old World. The wild species are two in number—namely, the larger huanaco, ranging from the high Andes of Ecuador and Peru to the dreary plains of Southern Patagonia, and the much smaller vicuña, which is also found in the Andes. It is from the huanaco that both the domesticated llama and the alpaca are believed to be derived. Although the two latter furnish a valuable wool, the llama was chiefly bred as a beast of burden for transporting the products of the silver-mines of Potosi; and as size and strength were of more importance for this purpose than length and abundance of wool, we find this animal attaining dimensions even superior to those of its reputed wild ancestor. On the other hand, the alpaca, which is bred for the sake of its wool, and is generally dark brown or black, instead of white or white spotted with brown or black, is an altogether smaller creature. In addition to the aforesaid uses, both the llama and alpaca afford excellent meat, which in the old days was sold as regularly in the shops of Lima as is mutton in those of London. The flesh of the wild huanaco is still eaten by the natives of Patagonia. All the members of the camel family have some unpleasant trait; and the llama displays its objection to strangers by laying back its ears and spitting.

R. LYDEKKEK.



THE STEAM-SHIP "STELLA," WRECKED ON THE CASQUET ROCKS ON MARCH 30.

Photo. Hurnby and Co., Southampton.



THE CASQUET ROCKS.

Drawn by F. Maréchal, Guernsey.



THE EXCITEMENT AT JERSEY.

Photo. Cana, Jersey.



ON THE PIER AT JERSEY: WAITING FOR NEWS.

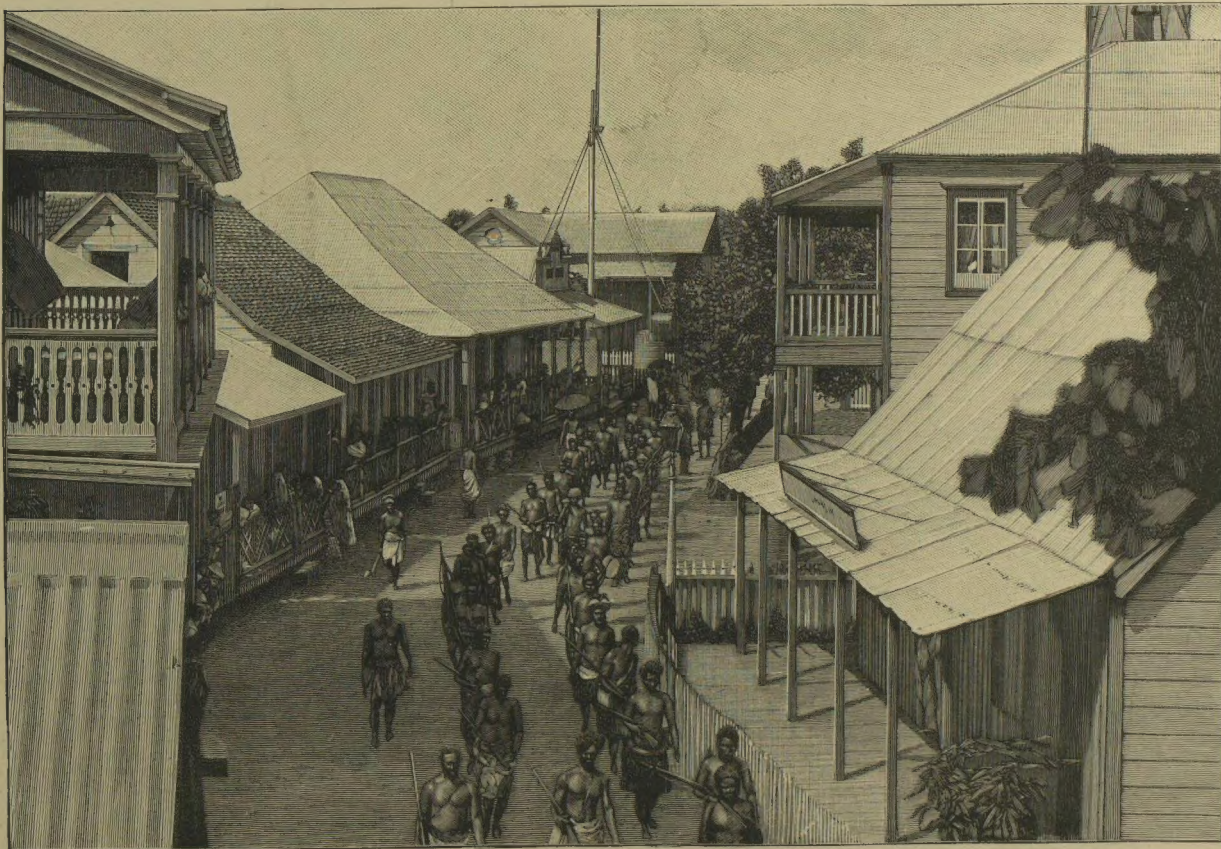
Photo. Cana.



PUBLIC ANXIETY AT JERSEY.

Photo. Cana.

THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA"



THE CRISIS IN SAMOA: REBEL WARRIORS MARCHING DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF APIA.

The Samoan method of warfare is more ceremonial than warlike. The warriors still smear their faces in savage manner, but civilisation has modified many of their old customs.

PERSONAL.

Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, succeeds the late Lord Herschell as Captain of Deal Castle. Lord George, it is almost needless to remark, is the third son of the first Duke of Abercorn, has been in Parliament since 1865, and has held various public offices. He has been Vice-President of the Council and First Lord of the Admiralty. From 1894 to 1895 he was President of the London School Board.

The little diocese of St. Helena—which includes the islands of St. Helena, Ascension, and Tristan d'Acunha—has found a new Bishop in the Very Rev. John Garraway Holmes, Dean of Grahamstown, South Africa. The name of Mr. Holmes should be familiar to London Churchmen, for he was Vicar of St. Philip's, Sydenham, from 1883 to 1889, and for a short time was a member of the London School Board. It may console some of the unbenedicted clergy to reflect that the Bishop-designate was in their ranks for twenty years and yet is a Bishop (though it be but a Colonial one), after having held a Colonial deanery. He went out to the Cape in 1889, and his experience in the diocese of Grahamstown should be an excellent preparation for the work in his new island home. The whole area of the diocese of St. Helena is only eighty-four square miles, but it extends over three separate islands. The population of these islands is curiously mixed, and makes the problems of the Church by no means simple. The Church people number about four thousand, and there are usually four clergy. The income of the see is probably the smallest known to the Church: it is "the interest on £5000."

Sir Arthur Charles, the newly appointed Dean of Arches, has had a good deal of experience in matters ecclesiastical. He has served as Chancellor of Southwell Diocese, as chief Commissary of Westminster, and as a Royal Commissioner to inquire into the constitution of ecclesiastical courts. Sir Arthur, who took his B.A. degree with mathematical honours at London University in 1858, was called to the Bar in 1862, and became a Q.C. in 1877.

Mr. Richard Chamberlain, who has died at the age of fifty-nine, was conspicuous in the public life of Birmingham, where he was Mayor for two years, but did not take a very active part in general politics. He was returned to the House of Commons for West Islington in 1885, and stood again successfully (this time as a Liberal Unionist) in the following year. He lost his seat in 1892, and made no effort to re-enter Parliament. He had great financial capacity, which was of the utmost service to Birmingham. In the House of Commons he was a silent member.

Mr. Lionel Edward Pyke, Q.C., who has died at Eastbourne, was only forty-five years of age, but was already one of the leaders of the Admiralty Bar. Born at Chatham, he was educated at Rochester Cathedral Grammar School and at University College, where he graduated with honours in law. In 1877 he was called to the Bar in the Inner Temple, and in 1892 he took silk. Mr. Pyke found time and energy for Parliamentary ambitions also, and in 1895, as Liberal candidate for the Wilton Division of Wilts, he was defeated by only a narrow majority by Lord Folkestone, the sitting member.

The Rev. John Mackenzie, whose death occurred on March 23 at Kimberley, was a devoted agent of the London Missionary Society, and played a part of some importance in our political dealings with Bechuanaland, where he became British Deputy Commissioner in 1884, on the establishment of a Protectorate. Having become unpopular, he was recalled, and was succeeded by Mr. Rhodes, whose mission of pacification fared no better. When Sir Charles Warren was sent out in 1885, he summoned Mr. Mackenzie, whose views were for a time

accepted. In the difference of opinion regarding direct Imperial intervention as against local colonial responsibility, Mr. Mackenzie favoured the former issue, and came to England to advocate the separation of the functions of High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape. In this he failed, and returned to missionary labours, withdrawing himself entirely from political life.

Nottinghamshire loses one of its most famous cricketers by the death of William Barnes, of Sutton-in-Ashfield. When he first joined the Notts eleven in 1875, Richard Daft, the captain, predicted for him the fame he did actually win in 1880 as a batsman. In that year, too, he played at the Oval in the first England and Australia match, and he represented England during four Australian tours. At Lord's he will long be held in memory, if only for his three favourite strokes—the leg-hit, the cut, and the off-drive.

A telegram recently despatched from Peshawar announced that Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Le Marchant,

amassed an enormous fortune, leaving the Baroness an income computed at about half a million sterling a year. She was a remarkably charitable woman, and many public institutions profited by her munificence. The Jewish poor in many countries had reason to bless her name, but her benefactions were not limited to her own co-religionists.

The impossibility of keeping dark the evidence given before the Criminal Chamber of the Cour de Cassation is demonstrated at last. The *Figaro* has begun the publication, to the real or pretended chagrin of the French Government. M. Dupuy has ordered a prosecution, but this may be merely a blind. Not the least striking deposition before the Court is that of the Prime Minister himself. He admitted that there might have been a prodigious blunder in 1894. He admitted that he had never asked Captain Lebrun Renaud to repeat the alleged confession made by Dreyfus, and that the man who was supposed to have received the confession was most anxious

to say nothing about it. The evidence of Colonel du Paty de Clam is a complete exposure of the War Office intrigue with Esterhazy. It is thought in Paris that the moral effect of these revelations makes it impossible for the Court to declare against revision.

The American Admiral at Apia expressed his opinion of the German Consul-General with sailor-like bluntness. He accuses that official of issuing "an incendiary proclamation," and of charging the American representative with falsehood. The relations between Herr Rose and his English and American colleagues are not pleasant. But in the new High Commission of Inquiry which Germany has proposed she will probably be represented by a more reasonable Teuton than the Consul-General, over whose vagaries she is not likely to quarrel with England and America.

April 4 was the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Oliver Goldsmith. The day was not suffered to pass unnoticed, for on "Goldy's" tomb in the Temple some pious hand laid a small bouquet of white blossoms and laurel leaves. Attached was a card, with this inscription: "To the immortal memory of one of Ireland's most gifted sons, Oliver Goldsmith, 'who wrote like an angel.' From an old admirer of 'She Stoops to Conquer' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Temple, April 4, 1899." During the day the tomb was visited by many admirers, not a few of whom were Americans.

The historical estate of Dunsinane, in Perthshire, has come into the market, and has been purchased by Mr. J. Mackay Bernard for £72,000. The property

contains a spot known as "The Lang Man's Grave," which is held to be the resting-place of Macbeth. The tradition of the district is that Macbeth, finding it impossible to escape Macduff, threw himself from the top of Dunsinane Hill, and perished among the rocks. His kinsmen are said to have buried him where he fell.

The present ecclesiastical turmoil has extended in some degree even to clocks. That of Shoreditch Parish Church, which has hitherto been cared for by the church authorities, has lately got beyond their control. It does not appear whether the Bishop has been requested to take order with the recalcitrant horologe, but the fact remains that the Shoreditch Vestry are about to apply to the Consistory Court for a faculty to allow them to take over the management of the clock. It will be amusing to note how it behaves when it has been, as the Inquisition would put it, "relaxed to the secular arm."

The character of Napoleon Buonaparte has once again been essayed upon the stage, this time by M. Coquelin the elder. In the opening act he appears as a slim young man, and in the succeeding scenes the Emperor's maturer rotundity is reproduced. A great deal in the conception is said to be subversive of our ideas of Napoleon.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,
New Captain of Deal Castle.



Photo. Whitlock, Birmingham.
SIR ARTHUR CHARLES,
New Judge of the Court of Arches.



Photo. Russell.
THE VERY REV. J. G. HOLMES,
New Bishop of St. Helena.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

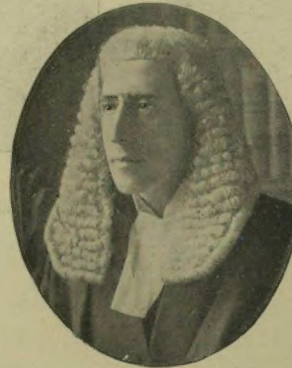


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE MR. L. E. PYKE, Q.C.



Photo. Maull and Fur.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LE MARCHANT.



THE LATE REV. J. MACKENZIE.



Photo. Hatches, Brighton.
THE LATE WILLIAM BARNES.

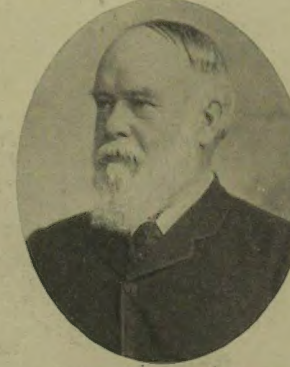


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE BIRKET FOSTER.

of the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, had been shot dead, and the tragic news has since been confirmed. Two Pathans were the aggressors, and they were both captured. That is nearly all that is yet known of a tragic incident that closes prematurely the successful career of a very capable officer, who became Lieutenant in 1874, Captain in 1883, Major in 1892, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1897. The hardest service he saw was that of the Afghan War in 1878-80.

Mr. Birket Foster, the eminent water-colour painter, died on March 27 at his residence, Broomside, Weybridge. For a period of about fifty years his facile pencil furnished the art world with vivid pictures of English rural scenery. It is, however, as a painter of landscape exhibiting a deep sympathetic study and acquaintance with sylvan life that the fame of Myles Birket Foster will be handed down to posterity. He was born in North Shields on Feb. 4, 1825, and when about five years of age came with his father to Tottenham, where he received the rudiments of education. On another page we give in more detail a sketch of his career.

Baroness de Hirsch is dead at the age of sixty-six. She was the widow of the great German financier, who

THE LATE BIRKET FOSTER: TWO CHARACTERISTIC WORKS.



"FLYING A KITE."—FROM A PICTURE BY BIRKET FOSTER.
By Permission of the Art Union of London.

The late Birket Foster, whose portrait appears on our "Personal" page, was educated at a Quaker academy at Hitchin, Herts, where drawing was included among his other studies. This constituted the only training he appears to have had to fit him to follow art as a profession. Fortunately, Ebenezer Landells, then a well-known engraver, a friend of the family, took the boy into his office, and quite early he discovered the true bent of his pupil—that of a draughtsman. Through Landells his first drawings found their way into *Punch*, while others

subsequently appeared in *The Illustrated London News*. At the age of twenty-one he started life on his own account, Mr. Ingram affording him every encouragement. Foster, in fact, became one of the staff of the *News*, and in 1846 furnished a series of pictures of English scenery for "The Illustrated London Almanack" of 1847. These were set in an appropriate framing of passionate prose by Miller, the "Basket-maker Poet." The following year he drew a second set of crisp, vivid scenes of "Country Pastimes," which elicited great praise and brought him to the notice

of publishers of illustrated books. In 1858 Foster determined to abandon black and white, and devote himself wholly to water-colour painting. In 1859 one of his pictures was accepted by the Academy, and in 1860 he was elected into the Water Colour Society. He now built for himself a house at Witley, which became the rendezvous of a congenial circle of friends, among whom were F. Walker, Burne-Jones, etc.; the latter adorning his walls with a series of panels illustrating "St. George and the Dragon."



"WILD ROSES."—FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY BIRKET FOSTER.
By Permission of the Art Union of London.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE FÊTE DES CONGOURDONS, OR GOURD FAIR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

The fair is held annually at Cimiez. The gourds are employed as wine and water bottles, but some, fantastically painted, are mere playthings. The Queen visits the fair regularly and makes purchases.



ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

BENEATH the name of Anatole Percier upon his visiting-cards appeared, in smaller characters and within brackets, the proud inscription, "Citoyen du Monde."

It was a proud inscription, inasmuch as he took great pride in thus openly defining himself; although his friends and acquaintances may have thought, as most of us think, that the time has hardly yet come for patriotic persons to boast of belonging to no country in particular. If, however, the excellent M. Percier's ideas had outrun by a little those of his contemporaries, it was not that he doubted for one moment the superiority of the French to all other nations, and if he had arrived at the conclusion that war was an anachronism, what more fitting spot could have been chosen for the proclaiming of such a discovery than Paris, *la Ville Lumière*. He proclaimed it, therefore (sometimes a trifle inconsequently, it must be owned), both in the monthly reviews, to which he was a valued contributor, and at the frequent conferences, where he spoke with so much graceful fluency, and which it had become very much the fashion to attend. Certain eccentricities were willingly permitted to a man of such learning and such sympathetic oratorical gifts.

For the rest, a more amiable old gentleman did not breathe, nor one better satisfied with himself, his only daughter and his widowed lot. Tastes of primitive simplicity, an income augmented far beyond spending-point by literary earnings, a modest flat in the Boulevard de Clichy, which he had no ambition to exchange for one more expensively situated—these things sufficed to maintain a perpetual smile upon the rosy, smooth-shaven face beneath his silvery hair. Marthe, when she married, would have quite an imposing dot to supplement her incontestable beauty, and although he was in no hurry to establish her, he recognised that he must sooner or later extend a benevolent reception to one of the aspirants by whom she was beginning to be beset.

Only, of course, his principles compelled him to shake his head at the name of Eugène Caragnon, a Lieutenant of Hussars, whom he liked well enough personally, but whose calling rendered the tentative suggestions of the Caragnon family wholly inadmissible. What!—a man who might at any moment be called upon to take part in the internationally legalised crime of exterminating his fellow-creatures? "Impossible, my good

friends! Say no more about it to me, I entreat you." So they shrugged their shoulders and said no more about it, sad though they felt it to be that something like half a million of francs should be destined to enrich some wretched civilian, whose blood would never be shed upon the sacred soil of the lost provinces. Marthe herself, a little maiden



The Professor's fat sides were shaken by a slow, rumbling laugh.

as clever and discreet as she was pretty, had taken good care not to utter a word upon the subject, notwithstanding the surreptitious love-passages which had occurred between her and the handsome young officer. Her father, for all his indulgence and kindness of heart, was—so she mentioned to an interested person—"un peu ruf," and he was capable of shutting his door in the face of one who, for the time being, continued to be a frequent and welcome visitor. In Marthe's opinion there was nothing for it but patience and a vigilant watch upon events. Events almost always admit of manipulation by the vigilant and adroit; while it was certain that M. Percier would never go the length of forcing his daughter to espouse a man for whom she felt a positive dislike. Now there was not, nor would there ever be, any man on earth save one who could inspire her with other sentiments than those of profound antipathy.

The principles of good M. Percier inclined him towards bestowing his daughter and her marriage portion upon a foreigner rather than upon a Frenchman. A Russian, perhaps, or an Italian; possibly a German—possibly even, if it came to that, a gross, greedy, dull-witted Englishman; for citizens of the world must be above all prejudices. His acquaintance among aliens was large and increasing. Letters from enlightened men of all nations reached him daily and bore testimony to the appreciation with which his lectures and articles were received beyond the frontiers. Prominent among these was one Professor Rothkopf, who wrote (in deplorable French, to be sure, yet with a fine flow of language) from the well-known University town of Neu Schrecklich to congratulate his accomplished confrère upon the courageous and convincing dissemination of views which he personally shared to the full.

Marthe from the outset conceived a special aversion for this valued Teutonic correspondent of her father's. To begin with, he was a Prussian—a circumstance which might surely have been sufficient to end with him into the bargain! His style, moreover, struck her as being far too unctuous and effusive to be sincere. She suspected him of ulterior designs; and what these were became as clear as daylight to her when his son, Hans Rothkopf, appeared in Paris one fine day, bearing a letter of introduction. Neu Schrecklich might be a remote town, situated in a semi-civilised land; but information nowadays is obtainable everywhere, and nothing was more likely than that the Herr Professor had found out how well M. Percier's only daughter was provided for.

As a matter of fact, Professor Rothkopf had made that discovery, and had even based some indistinct visions upon it; but he had not, to do him justice, despatched the long-legged, phlegmatic Hans to Paris with a view towards further spoliation of an already despoiled nation. Hans was destined for a commercial career, and it was indispensable that he should familiarise himself with the French language. That he should likewise be permitted familiarity with such an *âme d'élite* as M. Percier was an incidental privilege for which the Professor felt duly grateful to circumstances. For Rothkopf, too, was an advocate of peace, a philosophic observer of the follies and the sad mutual hatreds of mankind, a *Weltbürger*, in so far as the assumption of such a title could be safely combined with loyalty to the Emperor and a due sense of United Germany's right to march in the van of progress. His lengthily, involved, and sometimes slightly unintelligible epistles were a pure delight, during several months, to his Parisian counterpart, who recognised that the good man's heart and brain were in the right place, despite the difficulty which he evidently encountered in expressing his fine thoughts with precision. That a Prussian, of all people in the world, should have been gained over to a cause which all wise men must needs end by supporting sooner or later was indeed something like a triumph!

Now, when one has taken the success of a great and world-wide cause in hand, it is impossible to bring a microscope to bear upon all the trivial details involved therein. Hans Rothkopf was, perhaps, a rather dull and heavy youth; his hands and feet were large, his speech was slow, his accent was atrocious: that he was adapted to take the affections of a lively French girl by storm nobody could venture to affirm. But happy wedded life has little enough to do with stormy affections, and M. Percier very soon made up his mind to a match towards which he saw no reason why either of the young persons concerned should feel averse. It would be such a touching and encouraging episode, this union of two falsely called natural enemies!—such a distinct advance in the direction of the coming millennium, when swords were to be beaten into ploughshares, bloated armaments reduced and the reign of universal brotherhood inaugurated!

Thus it came to pass that Mademoiselle Marthe was plagued with ponderous attentions to which her tart responses usually missed their mark, while Eugène Caragnon's fingers were perpetually and involuntarily stealing towards the hilt of his cavalry sabre. How joyfully would Eugène have picked a quarrel with, and given ultimate satisfaction to, the stupid, intrusive Teuton whom he never failed to find in possession of the field when he visited the Boulevard de Clichy! But he was absolutely forbidden to adopt any such heroic methods of dealing with the situation.

"Mais, malheureux, vous seriez capable de tout gêner!" Marthe exclaimed, on one of the rare occasions when her disconsolate adorer had contrived to secure a

moment of private conversation with her. "Do you not understand, then, that it is a question of disgusting my father with these people, not of making him feel that he owes them reparation? Nothing will be decided, nothing will be formally suggested, until we meet Professor Rothkopf in Switzerland, where a rendezvous has been appointed for next month. Then perhaps it will be time to declare war—though the declaration must not be made by you."

"By whom, then?"

"That we shall see; but I do not believe that there will be any trouble, unless you make it. This absurd Hans has been instructed to pay court to my *dot*; but he evidently detests me—"

"It would be impossible for anybody to do that, Marthe!"

"Not so impossible as you imagine. But even if he worshipped me, do you think that anything would ever induce me to marry a German? Leave it all to me, and you shall hear good news of us before the summer is over."

Seelisberg, upon the heights above the Lake of Lucerne, was the scene which M. Percier had selected for his annual holiday; instigated to that choice by his friend at Neu Schrecklich, who favoured the locality, and whose hand he was eager to clasp. Thither, accordingly, as soon as the weather became too hot for life in cities, he betook himself, accompanied by his daughter, and there, on his arrival, he was welcomed by Herr Hans Rothkopf, who was likewise enjoying a brief vacation and had dutifully hastened to spend it with his parents.

"You did well to engage your apartments in advance," the young man said; "the hotel is large, but you come at the most crowded season. There is no more room left in it for a cat."

His actual words were, "*Il n'y a plus de place pour mettre un chat*," and Mademoiselle Marthe did not fail to compliment him upon the increasing purity of his accent.

Hans turned dusky red, for he disliked ridicule, though he was not, as a rule, very quick at detecting it. But M. Percier, who was much too polite to laugh at anybody, at once rebuked his daughter's bad manners.

"*Allons, allons, mon enfant!* When you speak German as well as M. Rothkopf speaks French you will have a right to be critical. As for accent, there are as many different accents as there are provinces in France. The object of language is only that one should be able to make oneself understood in it."

For all that, German voices grated upon his ears and set his nerves on edge. These predominated, drowning all others, in the crowded, over-heated *salle-à-manger* to which he was presently conducted, and he was fain, during dinner, to confess to himself (though, of course, not to his daughter, who sat beside him) that it takes a good deal of philosophy and magnanimity to recognise as brethren people who cannot converse without raising such a discordant hubbub about it. The solace of Professor Rothkopf's vicinity was denied to him. That burly personage, placed, with his rotund spouse, at the other end of the long table, made amicable gesticulations from the distance; but it was not until a very protracted meal had reached its conclusion, and the replete denizens of the hotel had begun to disperse, that the two representatives of advanced thought were able to fling themselves into one another's arms. This they did, when the time came, with immense cordiality, and perhaps Professor Rothkopf, being in high good humour, did not find the process as disagreeable as M. Percier, who had to subdue some natural irritation, did. One may (unless one has the good fortune to be an Englishman) be called upon at any moment to embrace a member of one's own sex, and things must be taken as they come; but really it is a little trying to have to plunge one's nose into a bushy beard, redolent of tobacco and schnapps!

However, the discomfort was but momentary, whereas the joy of exchanging ideas with an admiring sympathiser was, it might be hoped, likely to prove a permanent possession. The Frau Professorin lost no time in leading away Marthe, while her husband, after lighting a prodigious pipe, invited M. Percier to accompany him to a sequestered bench in the grounds that he knew of, where, he remarked, "*nous pourrions fuser à notre aise*."

"Cher," he said, in a voice which might have been his son's, and he proceeded to demonstrate that, however eccentric might be his phonetic rendering of the verb, he was only too well able to give it practical effect. Not a syllable could poor M. Percier insert edgewise during the next ten minutes; and this was the more exasperating because two thirds of Professor Rothkopf's somewhat arrogant harangue cried aloud for deprecatory interruption.

"*Mais mon! Mais pardon!*" exclaimed the outraged apostle of human solidarity at length; "you exaggerate! You completely misinterpret my views! I maintain, it is true, that national barriers should be abolished, and that the stupid, brutal argument of supremacy by means of mere physical or mechanical force has had its day. But never have I said or thought that any one race—least of all the Germanic!—was destined to swallow up and assimilate all the rest. You must—excuse me—have studied my humble utterances in a singularly superficial spirit to arrive at conclusions so grotesque."

The Professor's fat sides were shaken by a slow,

rumbling laugh. "My good Sir," he returned, with an air of patronage which was the more provoking because (in addition to its being so misplaced) it was evidently not intended to give offence, "the question is merely one of figures. We Germans are increasing, while you Frenchmen are stationary, if not diminishing. Already we outnumber you by some fourteen millions; a quarter of a century hence the difference will be even more striking, and I think we may assume that the era of universal peace will scarcely have been inaugurated within that space of time. I look upon it, therefore, as inevitable that, whether Germany, England or Russia is destined to preponderate in the future parliament of the world, France can only be represented by a minority. A respectable and intellectual minority, if you like; still a minority."

This absurd theory of the virtue of mere numbers deserved to be combated, and was combated with no little vivacity. Both disputants waxed rather warmer than beseeemed the serenity of the philosophic mind; yet the discussion might have ended without an actual rupture of amicable relations if they had not at length found themselves endeavouring to analyse the causes which had led to the catastrophe of 1870. That perilous point having been reached, serenity and philosophy took swift wing, leaving the field to sheer thunder and lightning. A moment soon arrived when Professor Rothkopf and M. Percier, glaring ferociously and smarting under the lash of unpardonable speeches, were ready to revert to the first principles of barbarism.

"*Butor!*" muttered the Frenchman.

"*Pig-dog!*" growled the German in his bristling beard.

Then they shouted simultaneously, "Say that again, Sir!" And then, alas! M. Percier's open palm fell—whack!—upon his neighbour's cheek, while his own nose was forcibly and painfully tweaked between a Teutonic finger and thumb.

The next instant they were, of course, rather ashamed of themselves; but what use, after all, is there in a repentance which cannot honourably be avowed? Blows had been exchanged; apologies were no longer to be thought of; and, although neither of these men of peace had ever fought a duel in his life, each clearly perceived that he would have to do so now.

"Sir!" called out the Professor, drawing himself up to his full height and trembling with various emotions, "my friend, Captain Freiherr von Eckstein will call upon you in an hour's time, when you will no doubt be so good as to refer him to some friend of yours."

"*Diantre!*" murmured M. Percier, when he was left to ruminate in solitude over the above bellicose announcement, "here is a pretty piece of imbecility! And where, I wonder, am I to look for a friend in this abominable German-Swiss hotel?"

As if in answer to his question, there appeared at this moment through the fast-falling darkness the form of a certain young Frenchman who was somewhat stealthily making his way towards Seelisberg from the shores of the lake, where he had disembarked.

"My dear Eugène!" exclaimed M. Percier, with quite unexpected joyfulness and cordiality, "you fall from Heaven!"

M. Caragnon, considerably taken aback, stammered out something about leave from regimental duty and the hotels of Switzerland being open to everybody. He added that he had no desire to intrude upon acquaintances who might find his presence objectionable.

"Intrude!" echoed M. Percier reproachfully, "for what, then, do you take me? Is it conceivable that the presence of a friend and a compatriot among outlandish barbarians could, in any case, be regarded as an intrusion? In the actual case it is, as I say, a direct gift from Heaven. I will explain the actual case to you in two words."

He proceeded to explain it in a good many words, during the utterance of which his hearer surreptitiously rubbed a pair of gleeful hands. M. Percier and Professor Rothkopf might or might not be bound to meet in deadly combat—that would be a matter for subsequent consultation—but, whether or no, the goose of Herr Hans was evidently cooked.

"It is a most deplorable incident," Caragnon solemnly remarked, on the conclusion of the recital; "and what adds to its gravity is that it must, I fear, put an end to the matrimonial project which I understand that you had in view with regard to Mademoiselle Percier and the son of this ruffianly Prussian."

"No such monstrous project exists! I forbid you to allude to it!" cried M. Percier indignantly. Then, remembering himself, he resumed with more composure: "I may have had notions; I do not deny that I have. But the time is not ripe yet for giving effect to notions of that elevated but premature character. What is for the moment essential is that I should teach a lesson in manners to a self-satisfied pedant who has insulted me and my country grossly. The misfortune is that I doubt whether I could hit a house at twenty paces with a pistol-bullet, and I have completely forgotten the little that I ever knew about the art of fencing."

"Place yourself unreservedly in my hands, dear Sir," returned Caragnon reassuringly; "I have some experience in these matters, and you may rely upon it that your honour and the honour of France will be safe with me."

That might be so, M. Percier somewhat ruefully

mused; but it did not necessarily follow that his skin was safe, or that the hide of the arrogant Prussian was in any danger of being pierced. However, it was at least something to have secured an experienced second, and he confined himself to addressing a recommendation of discretion and strict secrecy to the latter.

The upshot of the above colloquy was that M. Caragnon found himself closeted, an hour later, with Baron von Eckstein, a tall, fair-haired Brandenburger, who chanced to be sojourning in the hotel, and who had felt constrained to respond to the appeal of his learned fellow-countryman.

"Of course," Caragnon began, "the whole affair is ridiculous. We cannot allow two old men who would be more likely to hit their seconds than one another to meet."

Herr von Eckstein, with a shrug of his shoulders, agreed that it was ridiculous. "It is also," he remarked, "quite irregular. There should, for instance, be four of us here, instead of two, to discuss preliminaries; but the truth is that I do not know where to lay my hand, amongst these tourists, upon a possible colleague."

"And I, then!—who arrive this moment from Paris?"

"Exactly so. Under the circumstances, I beg to intimate, on behalf of my principal, that we are prepared to accept an apology."

"But, unfortunately, we are not prepared to offer one. Indeed, I scarcely see how we could be satisfied with excuses—much less make them. Insults, I must remind you, have been addressed not only to us but to France."

The German shrugged his shoulders again. "Oh, if you take up that ground—"

"Really I have no choice; I cannot regard the quarrel as a purely private matter. But may I suggest, M. le Baron, that since irregularity is inevitable, we should carry it a step farther and leave our absurd principals out of account?"

The other stared.

"Are you proposing that we should fight in their place, you and I?"

"Why not? I represent France, whose nose has been pulled; yours is the slapped face of Germany. I should have preferred, I confess, to call out Herr Hans, who is a typical blockhead of the nation to which the Professor and you belong; but, in his absence, it gives me much pleasure to treat you as a substitute for the Rothkopsfs, *père et fils*."

At this Freiherr von Eckstein coloured up and cleared his throat. What followed was absolutely incorrect and (which was much worse) perhaps a trifle ludicrous into the bargain; still he could not consent to be put out of countenance by the levity of an impertinent Gaul. In a word, M. de Caragnon and he set forth for Lucerne shortly after daybreak the next morning and, having purchased a couple of *fleur-de-combat*, proceeded to fight a duel in the neighbourhood of that town, without seconds and with no other witness than a Swiss surgeon, whom they prevailed

upon, much against his will, to accompany them to the field of battle.

The antagonists were very equally matched, and the Baron, whose blood was up, would not hear of retiring after he had been touched on the shoulder; but when, a minute later, M. de Caragnon was run clean through the forearm, the doctor took it upon himself to stop the fray. The French gentleman, he declared, was no longer in a condition to fight; honour had been satisfied, and any attempt to renew hostilities would, in his opinion, be equivalent to culpable homicide. In fact, his duty would compel him to denounce it as such, and he intimated that,

from their respective bed-rooms, was to inquire after their respective representatives. Those gentlemen, they ascertained, had departed by the early boat for Lucerne—doubtless in search of lethal weapons. Prompt and thoughtful of them, in one sense, perhaps, yet a little thoughtless in another; for they might have remembered the inevitable embarrassment of the midday *déjeuner*, which must bring together two deadly enemies, whose enmity it was imperative to conceal from the ladies.

With downcast eyes and scant appetite was that repast partaken of by the severed philosophers; but if the ladies divined that something was amiss, they did not, fortunately,

suspect the gruesome truth. One of them, indeed, having foreseen a quarrel upon which she had every reason to congratulate herself, was secretly overjoyed, and had some ado to disguise her satisfaction. However, she had no satisfaction to disguise when, in the course of the afternoon, she descried Hans Rothkopf marching towards the shady bench whither she had betaken herself with a book, in obedience to her father's request that he might be left to write undisturbed. The youth's determined mien led her to fear that a formal offer of marriage was about to be addressed to her, and she was not reassured by his petition for a brief audience. But his first words, after a curt and ungracious assent had been accorded to him, were, at all events, reassuring, if somewhat unexpected.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "I do not love you."

"Monsieur," she replied as soon as she had recovered a little from her surprise, "I beg you to believe that I am not enamoured of you."

"C'est entendu! Nevertheless, you must be aware that our parents desire us to marry, and although I do not presume to assert that you would obey M. l'ercier, no matter what his commands might be, I will own that I shrink from defying my father, upon whom I am entirely dependent, and who

appears to me to be in a very bad temper to-day."

"Which is to say?"

"Which is to say, Mademoiselle, that the case is one for the exercise of a little harmless diplomacy. We are agreed—is it not so?—that nothing will ever induce us to become man and wife. But if I were to draw back or if you were to refuse, we should expose ourselves to trouble and reproaches which may, I think, be very easily avoided. If we were to affect willing submission and leave the responsibility of a rupture to our elders? I only take the liberty of suggesting this course because I perceive that my father and yours will certainly fall out before long. Unless I am very much mistaken, they came to high words over political questions last night; and why should we open a way of retreat for them when, by simply allowing things to take their course, we may count upon eventual release and apologies?"

"M. Rothkopf," answered Marthe, "I feel that I, at



"Mademoiselle," he began, "I do not love you."

by uplifting his voice, he could have both his patients taken into prompt custody. So they begged him to be so good as to dress their wounds, instead of wailing the echoes with an inopportune *jodel*; after which they shook hands, exchanged compliments, and breakfasted together amicably enough at the Schweitzerhof.

Meanwhile, the fiery foes who should by that time have been shedding one another's blood upon the peaceful heights of Seelisberg were anything but happy. Of course, they had not slept very well: how could men of a certain age and of conciliatory principles be expected to sleep well under such circumstances? Of course, too, solitary reflection had made it only too evident to them both that they had made shocking fools of themselves, and of course they wished with all their hearts that they had never met. Met, however, they had, and very shortly they must meet again, with swords or pistols in their unskilled hands. Therefore, as may be imagined, their first care, on descending

all events, owe you an apology. You are both more intelligent and more disinterested than I gave you credit for being, and if I did not abhor your whole nation—

"Mademoiselle, you cannot—between ourselves—abhor it more than I do yours!"

"*À la bonne heure!* Then let us make friends, since we must always be enemies!"

She held out her hand, in token of the good faith of this oddly worded compact, and Hans was in the act of raising it gratefully and respectfully to his lips when M. Percier suddenly appeared from behind a belt of adjacent pines. The spectacle was of a nature to infuriate in already overburdened philosopher, and poor M. Percier exploded like a bombshell.

"I forbid you to kiss my daughter's hand, Sir. How dare you permit yourself such a freedom without my consent? How dare you?"

"I am at your orders, Monsieur," said the meek Hans, drawing himself up and bringing his heels together with a click.

"Then my orders are that you instantly withdraw, and that you do not venture to approach Mademoiselle Percier again until I give you leave. Which will be never, Sir—never!"

Hans waited for no second dismissal, and M. Percier, with tears in his voice, turned upon his too obedient daughter.

"Unhappy girl! Do you wish to break my heart, then?"

"Have you ever asked yourself whether there was not some danger of your breaking mine?"

"By refusing to let you ally yourself with one of the murderers of your country!"

"No; by planning to make me do that very thing. It is with one of the defenders of my country that I should ally myself, if I were free to choose; but since you will have nothing to say to soldiers—"

M. Percier embraced his daughter tenderly. "My dear child, I breathe again! I have—let me confess it at once—been guilty of a stupid error; I have attempted to anticipate a state of affairs which I obviously cannot live to witness, however desirable it may be from an abstract point of view. These Germans are impossible!—and will remain so until they have been put back into the place that befits them. In the event of my death—which may be nearer than you think for—you must marry a Frenchman; I implore and adjure you to do so! Even though his profession should be the entirely honourable one of arms, to which our friend Eugène Caragnon, for example, is committed."

The shadow of his friend Eugène Caragnon fell between him and the sinking sun, and checked further eloquence. The young man, who wore his right arm in a sling, and who looked a little pale, did not speak; but Freiherr von Eckstein, who stood beside him, had news which could not be accounted unwelcome to impart.

"We come," this gallant officer announced, "from informing Professor Rothkopf of what it is now our duty to inform you, Sir—namely, that the affair which you were pleased to place in our hands has been adjusted. The Professor has been so good as to express himself satisfied with the manner in which we have dealt with it, and we shall be glad to receive a similar assurance from your lips."

The requested assurance was not immediately forthcoming. M. Percier, who, as soon as he recognised von

Eckstein, had hurriedly drawn the latter aside, felt bound to protest against the inadmissible pretension of a second to assume the part of a principal; but it was gravely pointed out to him that, having appointed M. Caragnon to act on his behalf, he must accept his representative's decision. Perhaps he was not altogether sorry to get the worst of a prolonged argument and to be convinced that, since Professor Rothkopf had acquiesced in a vicarious combat, he had no choice but to do likewise. Meanwhile, M. Caragnon, left in the background with Mademoiselle Marthe, was offering explanations to which it may be conjectured that no serious objection was taken.

On the following day M. Percier, accompanied by his daughter and their wounded compatriot, quitted Seelberg. The place, it was felt, was not quite large enough to hold two disputants who cherished identical theories, yet who

"MESSALINE" AT MONTE CARLO.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

On March 25, at the Casino Theatre, in this paradise of beauty and of laziness, I heard the third performance of Isidore de Lara's opera "Messaline," the book of which has been contrived by M. Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand. I wonder how many people there are in England who have any suspicion of the extraordinary musical talent which this musician possesses. When he sang love-songs in the old days to enthusiastic audiences largely made up of the devout sex, and when he composed love-songs which had a mighty vogue in the land, it is probable that not many musical critics gave him credit for any profundity, for any genuine power over his art, for any keen apprehension of beauty, for any high sentiment

of characterisation in music, for any brilliance of dramatic inspiration—in a word, for any of those gifts which go to the building up of a great creative artist. It must have been the result of a rare conscientiousness which brought Mr. de Lara to a sudden standstill in the course of his most popular career, and set him face-about to the more difficult paths of his art. Yet he did this thing, and went on bravely, despite a thousand covert attacks, through work that continuously showed an increase of power, facility, and the capacity for self-assertion in music, until in "Messaline" he has reached a definite accomplishment of which it may unhesitatingly be said: "Here is an extremely fine artistic achievement; not flawless, perhaps, with here and there an obscurity and a weakness, but possessing so much that is of the surest and the best quality in music, and containing also so many pages which are more even than this, which actually reach heights so masterly and engrossing that Mr. de Lara may assuredly be said to have utterly justified himself of his labour and of his abnegation; for in 'Messaline' he has produced a vital and organic work of art." Those two qualities—keen vitality, and the sense of true organic growth, and of organic coherence—give to this opera a rare place among the more important musical achievements of the present time.

It is to the singular advantage of "Messaline" that it is based upon an excellent book. The

stories of most modern operas are so wretched and purposeless in their development and in their language that, from the mere point of view of popularity, it is good to see that "Messaline" is in this respect admirably and exceptionally provided. The play of forces in the drama is simple but strong. Messaline turns a street-troubadour from hatred to love of herself. Less by design than by accident she wins, too, the love of the troubadour's brother, a gladiator, who, however, does not guess her rank, though he knows that his brother has given himself to the Empress. Not knowing what he does, the gladiator kills his brother, who falls dead at the feet of Messaline, while, in the agony of his own grief, he throws himself to the lions in the presence of the crowds who are assembled to witness his gladiatorial skill. That is the story in a nutshell.

The master-quality of the music, which gives to the score that vitality and feeling of a living organism of which I have spoken before, is the astonishing sense of dramatic characterisation which distinguishes it throughout. Each character lives in the individual music of the



Photo. J. Pittuck, Plymouth.

PRIMROSES.

might, at any moment, fly once more at one another's throats, and a conference which had conspicuously failed in its chief objects was best broken off.

"The education of the world," M. Percier declared oratorically, as he stood on the sunny deck of the steamer, "is still lamentably in arrears. If I consent—not unwillingly—to bestow my daughter upon a Frenchman and a fighting man, it is because I am forced to acknowledge that education must come in the future, as it always has in the past, from France, and that it cannot, unfortunately, yet dispense with the aid of fire and sword. I, and those who look forward as I do, must rest satisfied with proclaiming the great truth that all men are brothers."

"And," murmured the submissive Marthe under her breath, "with allowing inferior beings to fight their battles for them."

But it may be hoped that this irreverent and irrelevant comment upon a noble pronouncement did not reach the philosopher's ears.

THE END.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ.—A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN: HER MAJESTY STROKING A YOUNG LION.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Furze.

part. You could not conceive Harès, the troubadour, singing the music of Hélión, the gladiator, or either of them singing the music of Messaline; or any of them, again, singing the music of Tyndaris or of Myrrhon. Now there, I maintain, you encounter the true master of dramatic music. Mr. de Lara has managed to compose a great deal that is extremely beautiful, where all is exceedingly dramatic. Take, for instance, the love-music between Messaline and Hélión in the third act, take the death-music of Harès in the last act, take the river-music of the third act, take Messaline's apostrophe

to Venus in the second act—here in each case note how beautiful is the quality apart from its dramatic significance. On the other hand, for example, you cannot say that the troubadour's song of hatred and contempt in the first act is very beautiful. It is not intended to be beautiful; but Mr. de Lara knew exactly its value as dramatic music. As the singer is gradually won over to Messaline, a subtle break, a concealed weakness, steal into the characteristic phrases, and in the last act you have one of those phrases, all broken by mockery and scorn, making a finely pathetic moment in the opera. Then, again,

the gladiator's splendid song on his first entrance is used with the highest dramatic skill, and consequently with a profound effect in the penultimate scene of the work; it is here, too, or hereabouts, that the musician achieves some passages full of terror and sinister meaning that certainly do not fall short of genius. In a word, I predict for the opera the double success of popularity and of high artistic appreciation. It is to be hoped that audiences nearer home will soon have the chance of judging the claims and merits of the opera for themselves. Of the triumphant result I have no shadow of doubt.—V. B.



1. Hauling out the Ice-Blocks.

2. Cutting the Ice.

3. Loaded Sleighs on the Lake.

4. Storing the Ice at Davos Dorf Station, for Summer Supplies.

THE ICE HARVEST AT DAVOS.

From Photographs taken on March 7.



OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE; ON WITH THE NEW.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Zoological Gardens have been able to offer their Easter visitors a novelty. Though described in the Society's own entries as a "common" Paradoxure (*Paradoxurus* *Niger*, India), the new inhabitant of the Civets' House is rare enough in England. A

nocturnal animal, it feeds by preference on rats, lizards, poultry, and small birds; but it does not despise fruit, insects, and eggs. The subject of our illustration seized and ate on one occasion a cat; and, on another, killed as many as thirty fowls. All the same, it has shown in captivity certain endearing qualities. Long-bodied and short-legged, the Paradoxure has a sharp snout (much foreshortened in the photograph), and its movements very much recall those of a miniature bear. Mr. W. O. Sheppard is the donor.

The recent action on the part of Russia tending to absorb Finland and to abrogate the Finnish Constitution, granted

in 1809 by the Czar Alexander I., and amplified in 1809 by Alexander II., has evoked a strong feeling of resentment among Finlanders. The Czar issued a manifesto directing the submission of certain Finnish legislative measures to the Council of the Empire, and the Governor-General of Finland brought pressure to bear upon the Senate with a view to inducing it to promulgate the document officially. This was done only when the Governor-General threatened the Senate with armed occupation of

intimated that he could not receive the delegates, and directed them to return to their homes. The Czar announced that he was not displeased, but that anything the Finlanders might have to say must be forwarded through their district officials. The members of the deputation were, for the most part, interesting men, sturdy, law-abiding Lutherans, sprung of a peasantry that has known the benefits of freedom and education. The percentage of education in Finland is, indeed, higher than in the United States of America. The petition they bore filled several volumes, and was carried in a cart from the railway station. The Customs authorities even wished to charge duty upon it. From the first, however, so great a popular movement was doomed by the machinery of autocracy. Our illustration shows the loyal tributes placed by the Finlanders upon the statue of the Czar Alexander II., who enlarged their liberties, on the anniversary of his death, March 13.

The central figure of the great altar-screen in Winchester Cathedral has been supplied by Canon Valpy in memory of his wife, and was duly dedicated the other day in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The work is in reality one of restoration. First put up in the fifteenth century, to be much and ruthlessly mutilated in the sixteenth, the altar-screen was afterwards subjected to other alterations, intended as improvements, but evidencing an entire lack of taste. In 1885 some real restoration was begun by Mr. J. D. Sedding as a memorial to Archdeacon Jacob. Other portions were put in hand, so that, on the accession of Bishop Thorold in 1891, the work thus far accomplished—thanks mainly to the energy of Dean Kitchen—was formally unveiled. In 1895 the advice of Mr. Bodley, -A.R.A., and of Mr. Kenpe was taken, and the final addition of a carved stone crucifix (as the screen's natural centrepiece) was decided upon. The generous offer of Canon Valpy gave effect to the decision; and the Dean, in a short address at the dedication ceremony, said that at last their longings were fulfilled, and they saw the addition of that sacred figure without which the design was destitute of meaning. The colours, it may be added, used



Photo. Fulmer, Winchester.

THE NEW SCREEN IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

in the interior decoration of Winchester Cathedral are still sufficiently in evidence to be cited as a warning rather than as an incentive to those who are most concerned with the protection of the ancient dignity of our own St. Paul's.

Admirers of Sir Thomas Browne have not allowed their enthusiasm to be checked by the pious physician's small concern that the bare memory of his name might be found anywhere but in the universal register of God. Probably the passage had escaped the enthusiasts' memory, for not all who profess extraordinary admiration for a writer have his every utterance at their finger-ends. Be this as it may, a monument to Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich is no unfitting thing. This, it is suggested, should be erected in the Haymarket, near the site of the house where he so long resided. More than £200 has been subscribed. Sir Thomas has already a monument of a sort at Norwich, inasmuch as his portrait hangs on the walls of the Board-room of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. The tomb of Sir Thomas and his wife is in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, in the ancient East Anglian city. These, of course, do not catch the eye of the ordinary passer-by, and a somewhat more public remembrance is not at all undesirable, seeing that these things often give the chance tourist an opportunity for reviving half-forgotten knowledge, or, possibly, for acquiring knowledge which he did not already possess.

In the Supreme Legislative Council of India during the debate on the Indian Budget, Lord Curzon stated that his belief in the economical vitality of the country, its resources and capacity for expansion, had been confirmed by the experience of the past year. War was fortunately at an end, the rate of exchange was high, the harvest had been abundant. The ravages of the plague, however, had made heavy inroads on the Exchequer, and the decision of the Council had been against any remission of taxation for the forthcoming year. His Excellency said that in all probability momentous changes in the financial system of India were at hand. These changes it was impossible to forecast. The Government reserved its entire liberty in examining and considering them when they should be submitted by the Imperial authorities. As



RUSSIA AND FINLAND: THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER II. AT HELSINGFORS. DECORATED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH.

the Grand Duchy. A deputation of 500 Finlanders proceeded to St. Petersburg with a huge petition signed by 563,000 persons, to the Czar, praying for a declaration of Finnish constitutional rights. The deputation, however, had set out without obtaining the permission of the Governor-General of Finland, and accordingly the Czar declined to receive it. His Majesty

regards railway enterprise, the motto of the Council was "Festina lente." Lord Curzon expressed himself as in sympathy with the extension of light gauge-feeder railways. Since coming to India he had authorised the construction of some hundred miles of such lines; while at Simla he declared his intention of studying the whole question of the policy of the Government with reference to Indian railways. He was not satisfied with the condition of affairs which laid the Indian Government open to any charges of indifference to offers of assistance and of hostility to the employment of British capital. He said that much was to be hoped from the fixity of exchange, if it could be established, and held out hopes of a further increase in the value of the rupee.

"The House in the Wood" smacks somewhat of the title of a latter-day romance. It is in reality the name of a villa in the Bosch, a forest in the northern quarter of the Hague, which Queen Wilhelmina has offered for a purpose which, some people think, really does belong to fiction rather than to fact—the meeting of the Peace Commission. Such is the brief and, in its ultimate success, the true description of the body of representatives of European Powers called together in response to the invitation of the Czar, who has not yet spoken of universal peace, nor even of



THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD, AT THE HAGUE, OFFERED BY QUEEN WILHELMINA FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD, GARDEN FRONT.

Drawn by Melton Prior.

disarmament, but only of a stay in the increase of armaments. Practical men have smiled, all the same, the Powers have acceded to the Czar's request; and if no details of agreement can be come at, the moral influence of this historic session in the House in the Wood will certainly make itself felt, and all in the interests of amity. The villa was built in 1647 by the widow of a Prince of Orange in memory of her husband, and near by is a monument bearing an inscription which some people may find apropos to the purpose of the forthcoming conference: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Two years hence Colombo will possess the largest graving dock west of Hong-Kong. On March 1 the works were formally inaugurated by the cutting of the first turf. The ceremony was performed by Sir West Ridgeway, Governor of Ceylon, who was presented with a silver spade by Mr. Mathews, of the firm of Messrs. Coode, Son, and Mathews, who have been entrusted with the work. The same firm is also engaged upon the new breakwater, which is to render Colombo Harbour more safe during the north-west monsoon. The value of these harbour extensions for mere trading purposes is obvious: viewed with reference to any probable difficulty in the Far East, they possess a deeper significance, as the new dock would provide her Majesty's navy with a convenient repairing basin. The dimensions of the dock will be 600 ft. on floor, 113 ft. between copings in width, and its entrance 85 ft.; the depth 32 ft. over the sill at high water. It will be capable of admitting battle-ships of the first class, for which there is no other dock available between Malta

and Hong-Kong. After the ceremony, the turf was carried on a tilting-truck by a line specially laid down to the destination of all the turf that will follow—to wit, the reclamation of the harbour foreshore.

One law for the poor and the same for the rich is the programme of hospital treatment sketched out by Sir Henry Burdett in his speech at the annual meeting of the Home Hospitals Association the other day. He would have hospitals put no class-limits on their hospitality; and, active as he has always been in the interests of the poor, he declares that he will not rest until the privileges of wards are as open to the paying patient as they are to the patient who cannot pay. As it is, something like £50,000 a year is paid in hospitals all over England by the patients themselves; but the medical attendance is free in their case too, and that is a matter which has to be adjusted in the interests of that profession. The paying wards in each hospital could be easily separated from the medical service of the rest of the institution in this one particular, Sir Henry thinks, and the patients arrange to have in whom they please and at terms to be agreed upon. A moderate fee would probably suffice, where a doctor was already on the spot and could see several patients at one visit. By these means the average citizen, with a limited income, could avail himself of the benefits already granted on an enormous scale to the not less, but not more, deserving poor. The refusal of hospital care to people merely because they are not indigent is, in the opinion of Sir Henry, one of those little ironies of life of which London must make an end before the old century dies.



THE NEW GRAVING DOCK AT COLOMBO: CUTTING THE FIRST TURF.



THE WRECK OF THE "STELLA" ON THE CASQUET ROCKS ON MARCH 30: THE LAST MOMENT.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR.

Twelve minutes after striking, the vessel sank. When as many passengers as possible had been got off, Captain Reeks cried, "Men, see to yourselves," and throwing up his arms, went down with his ship.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Black Curtain. By Flora A. Longhead. (Duckworth.)
The Daughters of Babylon. By Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens. (John Macmillan.)
Lurians: the Gaul. By Edgar Maurics Smith. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Jane Trauchel. By Hamilton Aldé. Hurst and Blackett.)
Carr of Dimseaur. By Theo Douglas. (H.C.)
Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. (Duckworth.)
Genius Loci. By Vernon Lee. (Grant Richards.)
English Catholics Illustrated. By Francis Bond. (George Newnes.)

In "The Black Curtain" Miss Longhead had two stories in her mind, and with great liberality of intention she placed them both into one book, to enrich her gift to us. Unfortunately, they refuse to combine. For instance, she presents her hero as a sturdy Californian squatter, who builds a handsome log hut, plants crops, rears cattle, behaves in a resourceful and masterful way on every possible occasion, and who is, in fact, a sensible, practical, capable young fellow, likely to get on in the world. She tells us that he is also a very famous painter, the pride of America, the envy of Paris, and that for his knowledge of art, "Ruskin isn't a circumstance to him." His eyesight threatening to go, he has retired to this healthy primitive life, but he hangs up a morbid black curtain in his log hut, behind which he hides all his old painting paraphernalia. We do not believe a word of it. Her melodramatic genius and her breezy squatter will not combine. An equally improbable tale she tells of the heroine, who sets up a paper house near the log hut, an enterprising, healthy young woman, but never destined, we are sure, to thrill the world with her gift of song. So Miss Longhead, by her liberality, has spoilt two stories, one of which, by itself, might have been very amusing, and the other impressively sensational or sublime. To do her justice, her instincts seem to lie more in the amusing direction.

The story of the Captivity told by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Hichens in "The Daughters of Babylon" is written in a pseudo-Biblical, pseudo-poetical language which is worrisome in the extreme. It is always solemn and always depressing. Morally sincere we have no doubt it is; that the courtesan should repent, the wicked man be snared in his own trap, and the good come to their own in the end, we feel sure to be deeply desired by the writers—whose collaboration, by the way, is an unfortunate *tour de force*. But of its literary sincerity, which includes a good deal more than outward style, we are very sceptical. In any case, a reader with robust tastes is soon tired of its soft, sickly, perfumed air, and left chill by its would-be sublimity. It gives us the impression that we have read it before, and many times, this story of the runaway Jewish wife, who becomes one of the charmers of Babylon, who plays the part of the repentant Magdalen in the end, and may be said to die in the cause of virtue. Away from the dazzle of the footlights the scenes and actors have a cheap and flimsy look. There is a gallery to applaud, no doubt. But is Mr. Hichens cynical enough to enjoy applause of his (orelli-with-milk-and-water?

We prefer our holiday fiction to deal with a period rather more recent and more intimate than the Second Punic War, and our first steps into "Anercestes the Gaul" were laggard, we confess. But had they not quickened ere long, the blame had been ours, for Mr. Smith has put life into an old story, and revived our romantic interest in Hannibal, an interest which, perhaps, owes a good deal to the fact of our ignorance and his insensibility. Indeed, in an early chapter, that which describes the fight of the gladiators, there is even too much life, too much brutal realism. But elsewhere we have only praise for a vigour that has revived the dry bones which our school memories of the events had turned to, and which shows the Gauls and the Iberians, and Hannibal and his generals, men of like passions unto ourselves.

The wicked governess has not yet disappeared from fiction. Girtton and Newham have not yet vindicated the profession from being the refuge of clever desperate adventuresses, fighting for their own hand with insidious weapons. In "Jane Trauchel" Mr. Aldé goes back to the old tradition with perfect confidence that its resources are by no means exhausted. His Jane is a very effective villain, and quite as probable, too, as is needed for a brisk bit of sensation. The ex-circus-dancer of Madrid who turned into the correct governess in an English country-house, has all the grit and courage wanted for her audacious rôle; and during her long fight with fortune for respectability she must win a good deal of sympathy. Indeed, we have a notion that in the matter of the poisoned orange Mr. Aldé slandered her. He has already dramatised the story, which certainly suggests at every turn the melodramatic stage. Jane's swarthy face, her fine equestrian figure, Garcia's red neckerchief and sombrero, and the fight of the Spanish ruffian and the English lawyer on the balcony above the merry-making of the Roman Carnival, are almost wasted in mere print.

There is a really ingenious mystery in "Carr of Dimseaur," and one with an enjoyable touch of the horrible in it, too. But Miss Theo Douglas has very nearly ruined its success by making it the theme of a long story, and wrapping it about with irrelevant incidents and crowding it with superfluous people. She should never have attempted to make a novel out of it. Before half the book is read through, the reader guesses the strange truth about the mysterious nightly visitor of old Carr, and if the author's corroboration had followed sharp on that, our pleasant shudder would have come off quite successfully. But having threaded your way through a rather clumsy book, if you tell the essentials of the tale again to yourself, or to another, you will own that the horror is cleverly invented, and that Ida is one of the most original and fascinating of ghosts. And even with all its irrelevances, "Carr of Dimseaur" is a great advance on its predecessor, "Iras."

Mr. Wheeler is already and creditably known as a collector and editor of "Landoriana." His volume of "Letters and other unpublished writings" of Landor's, issued last year, contained a good deal that was interesting, especially in regard to Miss Rose Aylmer, the object of the youthful Landor's fervid admiration, whose early death he made the theme of one of the best known and loveliest elegies in the English language. Those new and interesting particulars respecting Rose Aylmer's brief career were suggested to Mr. Wheeler by a few letters, which he printed in the volume of 1898, written by Landor to another Rose, Miss Rose Paynter, who was a niece on the mother's side of Rose Aylmer, and who resembled her aunt in person, besides bearing the same Christian name. Landor remembered Mrs. Paynter as a little girl, running by Rose Aylmer's side. He never saw her again until he was verging on sixty, when, leaving his wife and children behind him in Italy, he settled at Bath. Among his earliest acquaintances there were Mrs. Paynter and her family, one of them the youthful Rose, who vividly recalled to him the Rose Aylmer of his early years. He became intimate with the Paynters, and for many years corresponded with mother and daughter when they or he were absent from Bath. His correspondence with the daughter was especially copious and familiar, extending from 1838 to 1863, the year before his death at Florence. By her permission—she is now Lady Graves-Sawle—a number of Landor's letters to her are now published, with some to her mother, and these form the bulk of the "private" letters contained in Mr. Wheeler's volume. A stately gallantry is blended in them with the expression of the affection, almost paternal, felt by the old gentleman for the charming young lady. He writes to her genially and even gaily of himself and his doings; lively gossip about common friends and acquaintances at home and abroad is not wanting, and there are many little glimpses given of distinguished people whom he knew: Browning, Dickens, Count d'Orsay, the late Lord Houghton, Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, whom he particularly valued. The best and most lovable side of Landor's character comes out in these letters. There is no trace in them of Dickens's Boethorn, which is supposed to have been a half-portrait of Landor. If Landor's temper separated him from his wife, he records with delight occasional visits from his children, whom it is evident that he loved most dearly. Quite another side of Landor's character is illustrated in the "public" letters which Mr. Wheeler has collected and reprinted from the *Examiner* when edited by Landor's friend and biographer, the late John Forster. They are full of political passion, of personal prejudices and prepossessions, sometimes even reminding the reader of Cobbett's ferocity. In spite of this, however, and though most of their themes have become obsolete, they are often striking from the vigorous personality of the writer, and the originality, if too often bordering on eccentricity, of his opinions. Mr. Wheeler's editing is all that could be desired. His notes are never superfluous and are always to the point.

In "Genius Loci" Vernon Lee has jotted down travel-impressions and meditations in the most delicate manner. Touraine, Bayeux, Tuscany, Mantua, Venice—these are a few of the places round which her fancy and her heart have lingered. But we are wrong to speak of them as travel-impressions. They give the feeling of rest rather, of long and intimate acquaintance; they are as far removed from tourist literature as it is possible for them to be. She speaks of the places that have become to her objects of intense feeling. "Quite irrespective of their inhabitants, and virtually of their written history, they can touch us like living creatures; and one can have with them friendship of the deepest and most satisfying sort." She cannot exactly translate our place-affections for us. Some of ours might leave her cold. But, as nearly as anyone who is not a poet, she has uttered the kind of love and understanding that may exist, for every reason, and for no tangible one, between human beings and piles of stones or hill-sides or valleys. The daintiest of all her little essays is, we think, that on "Siena and Simon Martini." It is a perfect expression of that mediæval art that refused to grow into anything else—"perhaps the only quite perfect flower of real mediævalism, before the revival of Apostolic Christianity and the return of Pagan good sense; mediævalism chivalrous, mystical, of Courts of Love and Grail Castles; and uncertain, even like the heroes of the French and German epics, whether it is quite European or quite Oriental. A perfect thing, and yet, contradictory though it sounds, marked with the immaturity of spring, which has just issued out of winter, but which will never turn into summer." That is a sample of how Vernon Lee seizes the temperament of a place or an art, after a long study, or perhaps after a mere sympathetic glance. In any case we see no reflection of the labour. We only see the hanging of a garland to the Genius Loci, who has become to her a familiar spirit.

In the preface to his very useful guide to English Cathedrals Mr. Bond makes the imprudent confession that he lost the whole of his notes made on the spot, and owns his work must be less accurate than he had hoped for. But the confession should not be allowed to condemn his book, which, within certain limits, is excellent. Perhaps a good part of the lost notes dealt with the history of the fortunes of the various cathedrals, for that side of the subject is unduly neglected. He has written almost entirely from an architectural point of view, but as he has done so in a way to meet the knowledge and the ignorance of the average serious-minded visitor, he supplies a want that was no imaginary one. Between the old-fashioned, dry-as-dust guide, crammed with ill-arranged detail, and the modern handbook for the tourist with half-an-hour to spend on a vast and complicated building, comes Mr. Bond's well-informed and stimulating volume. Not merely the periods marked by different styles, but also the reasons for the changes of plan, the additions, the afterthoughts, are discussed in an intelligent way, and these are matters where documents are often silent, where, as the writer reminds us, there is a fine field for the "constructive imagination."

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, APRIL 6, 1899.

The book of the week, and, in my judgment, of several weeks past, has been the "Life of George Borrow." To me the book possesses few of the qualities which make a first-class biography. Here is no presentation of Borrow's many curious personal qualities in the way that Boswell has given us of Johnson's. Here is not the slightest suggestion of good writing. Here is no vigorous portrait of the subject, as seen through the eyes of the biographer, after the fashion of numerous Lives that we have all read—those of Macaulay, Carlyle, Kingsley—for example. But when all this is said, and even when I am told that a most distinguished American declared that in all broad America there was no man less competent to write a Life of Borrow than Professor Knapp, I am still inclined to insist that here was the right biographer, and that here is a most satisfactory book. It is a mine of verified facts about Borrow, very dull, very stodgy, it may be, but still a mine of facts.

Some of us wish that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who is obviously the author of the lengthy review of Professor Knapp's book in the *Athenæum*, would amplify the sketch of Borrow that he contributed to Ward and Lock's edition of "Lavengro." One would welcome a new biography of Borrow by Mr. Watts-Dunton as from one of the foremost of our literary men. The world of ideas is wanted in biography, but this compendium of facts by Professor Knapp would be useful, all the same. Take, for example, the genealogical table as to Borrow's origin. I cannot help recalling the fact that in *Literature* some months ago a distinguished writer ventured to question the claim that was made for the Celtic in our literature. The writer instanced a number of authors who were not Celts, or, at least, who were not obviously Celts. He could not, with justice, have named Shakespeare or George Eliot, Scott or Macaulay. Shakespeare and George Eliot were, of course, of Welsh stock—a point not disputed—and it is quite obvious to anyone that no one bearing the name of Scott or Mac-Aulay could possibly be other than a Celt in his remote origin. With many English writers, however, the Celtic origin is not remote. Charlotte Brontë's father and grandfather, in their Irish home, changed their name from O'Prunty to Prunty, thence to Brunty and Brontë, and so prevented her from being known in literature as Charlotte O'Prunty, instead of as the possessor of a high-sounding Greek name which led her at times to sign her letters "C. Thunder." Borrow also was a Celt. Of course, from the opening of "Lavengro" one might have guessed as much, but the combination of truth and poetry in Borrow's writings left nothing for certain, until we had Professor Knapp to clear up the mystery.

Now it would seem that Borrow was a Celt of the most pronounced type. His forebears spelt their name indiscriminately Burrow and Burrough. They were settled in the parish of Trethennick, in Cornwall, and there is a host of good Cornish names—as, for example, Treuniman—in the line of descent. Borrow's was, indeed, as Celtic an origin as was that of Patrick Brontë or Prunty; and, as if to make him as remote as possible from Anglo-Saxon origin, his mother, Ann Prefrement, was the descendant of French Protestants from Caen, in Normandy. It will be seen, therefore, that it was an unfortunate selection by which the writer in *Literature* claimed the name of George Borrow as an example of the Anglo-Saxon in our literature.

An interesting point raised in Professor Knapp's "Life of Borrow" is that we are promised, under his editorship, a reissue of Borrow's works, which is to contain a large accession of new matter. Those of us who, like myself, possess a first edition of "Lavengro" and a first edition of "The Bible in Spain" will be well contented with them. Borrow, however, is an author who has not yet had justice done to him in the way of picturesque publication. There is a half-crown edition of his works which is absolutely hideous; and, indeed, the time has come when Mr. Murray would be well advised were he to issue a really tasteful edition. The copyrights are so rapidly becoming exhausted that if he does not, some other publisher is certain to save him the trouble. Mr. Augustine Birrell, most learned and most genial of Borrowians, would edit the volumes perfectly.

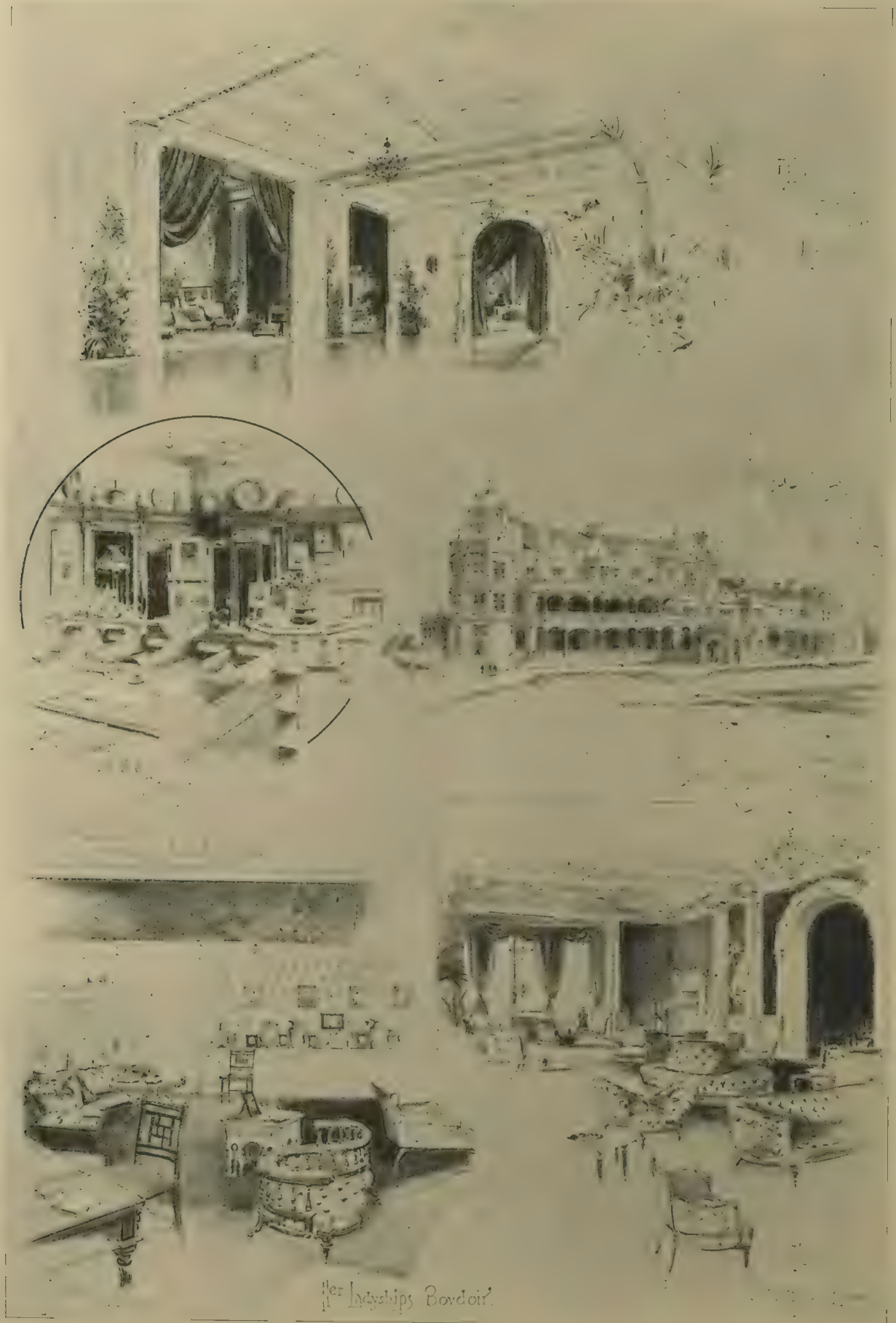
In reference to my paragraph last week as to the legal aspect of the "copyright in title" question, and my statement that there is no such thing as copyright in the title of a book, all the efforts on the part of authors and publishers to prevent other authors and publishers from using certain names having been mere bluff, Mr. Edmund Downey writes to me to say that the last case tried in the Law Courts was over Miss Braddon's "Barbara," which was published in the *World* as a serial. The action was taken by Messrs. Dicks, of *Howells*, who had already issued a story in that publication under the same title. The Dicks lost the action.

Mr. Max Pemberton, the novelist, and Mr. Alfred Spender, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, have just been elected members of the Reform Club. The Reform Club is fast becoming the leading literary club of London. You may find Sir Wemyss Reid—whom I congratulate upon a speech of his as President of the Institute of Journalists, which I find at length in the *Yorkshire Post*—Mr. "Anthony Hope," Dr. Conan Doyle, Sir Lewis Morris, and, indeed, a host of literary men, assembled at the Reform Club, a club which architecturally has certainly the most beautiful interior in London.

Over three hundred copies of the new half-crown edition of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyâm" were sold in one shop in the Strand within two days of publication. C. K. S.



HOLIDAY HAUNTS: SKETCHES IN IRELAND.



Her Ladyship's Boudoir.



SPRINGTIME.



WELLINGTON CONGRATULATING COLONEL WATSON ON HIS SUCCESS.

Drawn by R. Canton Woodville, R.I.

SEE PAGE 485.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XV.—PERUVIAN LLAMAS.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

The Llama and its smaller cousin, the Alpaca, serve in the high Andes as beasts of burden and as wool-producers, the former discharging both functions, whereas the latter is bred for its fleece alone.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

There used to be a superstition as long ago as Elizabethan days, and earlier I daresay, that new clothes ought to be worn for Easter. The lower classes ("always tenacious," as Blackstone dryly observes—referring to the tradition that they may beat their wives—"of their ancient privileges and usages") still follow the practice. But for the world where they really *dress*, Easter is low-water mark; after that the tide rises rapidly, and we shall very soon know what is to be the leading fashion of the season, in all those details that remain unsettled till the leaders of

out again to the hem, of turquoise-blue drap décapée—so much cut out in this case as to remind you of a fretwork pattern. The back of the skirt is extended into a long but narrow train, and is trimmed down either side with a panel of the same design in the blue cut-out cloth, the centre being, of course, of the yellow mousseline covered with lace. This dress is cut down at the throat, rounded, and not at all low, and the left side of the slight décolletage is finished in the daring French fashion with a bow of black tulle, the waistbelt being black velvet an inch wide or so, stuck with diamond brooches.

The ingénue's day dress in the same play is very pretty, and could be easily copied. It is of blue face-cloth, trimmed round the feet with four little flounces, each bound with white silk and trimmed along at the top with a narrow braid in blue and silver. The corsage has a short basque, above which it is slit up on either side, from waistline to bust, to show insertions of white batiste; the edges of the cutaway piece are bound with the blue and silver braid, which also composes the straps holding it together. The bodice is cut down, rounded at the top, to insert a yoke of pleated white batiste, and the edges turned down from this are trimmed with white lace. The top of the sleeves and the cuffs are adorned by having crossing straps of the blue and silver braid over a foundation of white batiste.

A great French house has applied the guipure de drap in the following model. There is a tunic of cream Venetian guipure lace falling in supple folds over a moiré of a soft yellow tone, and over this is applied an embroidery of drap décapée in a turquoise shade, which nearly covers the corsage, wide at the shoulders and narrowing to the waist, the lace-covered moiré showing for the rest; and thence the drap décapée descends in a tunic point in front and half covers the train behind. The design of the cut-out cloth in this case is a bold one, with large curves and big flowers, making a happy contrast with the fine small design chosen for the lace, and also allowing the "value" of the yellow underneath to be obtained. It is usual, it will be seen, to have the cloth guipure of a different colour from the foundation, and blue on yellow—such an ideal combination if the shades be well chosen, either for the decoration of a drawing-room or a costume—is first favourite. But for day dresses the contrasts must be less startling. A Paris model of black satin cloth has the back and front of the corsage treated with an application of drap décapée of a clear biscuit-colour, not far removed from white; emerald green on black is another combination, and a tender green or a deep blue have been seen used with good effect on a beige foundation.

This being new and in itself striking, however, is hardly suitable for the more "discreet" dresses in which one traverses the world at large, and for these there will be abundance of less striking embroideries to employ as collar, belt, and cuffs; such more moderate decorations are also less tiring to oneself than the very newest and most elaborate trimmings that do so wearisomely mark a gown. It is a good idea to provide a plain black satin cloth or cashmere dress with removable parements, and then a different note of brighter colour is struck at will. A pretty new idea is to have belt and collar of the same tone as the rest of the costume, but to provide each with a huge rosette of some vivid colour to fasten them withal; this may be in tulle, chiffon, panne, or ribbon at choice, and a quiet afternoon dress of grey, brown, dark blue, or black thus becomes a bright spot in the interior of the home at once. The knot of colour may, again, be employed to fix the closing spot of a fichu of white muslin draped at will over the shoulders.

The Illustrations show us one very smart and one simple tailor-made gown. The former is a polonaise of cloth outlined with a band of light cloth and braided, worn over an under-dress of tucks; the polonaise is cut away to show this, and held together with cords and buttons. The simpler gown is of cloth, strapped with itself and trimmed with rows of buttons, opening over a front of pleated muslin, with a velvet waistband; the three-tier hat is trimmed with straw-lace, flowers, and osprey.

NOTES.

There really seems a prospect of reform in the London cab world—not, as we all know, before it is needed. The removal of the crawling hansom from the busiest thoroughfares is a boon to pedestrian womankind, which, burdened with a train and a few parcels, and sheltered by a veil, has but little chance of escape from the dodging attentions of the crawler; and now—can it be?—we are promised an end of the everlasting dispute as to distance, by means of the taximeter. If the cabbies knew their own interests they would understand that ladies, who object to alterations with such people as themselves, often and often avoid taking a cab when they otherwise would do so because they must expect a volley of abuse if they pay the legal fare and do not feel disposed to pay more. The taximeter and a civil man behind it will increase the use of cabs to an immense degree by ladies. But it will still be necessary for the Commissioner of Police to take steps to prevent the abuse of these men when they are paid what they cannot then dispute to be their legal fare. If that fare is not high enough, let it be raised—on that point I offer no opinion. If it be well to give the man a pourboire, to have that a custom as it is in Paris, well and good—let it be a reasonable sum, not one to raise the fare by 50 per cent., and we shall still "know where we are," and not object. But even with the taximeter, if the police do not intervene, we shall still dislike taking cabs because of the abuse of the men when paid their fixed fare. For an example, which is, of course, in the experience of every lady: I took a cab outside the Stores the other day, and glanced at the list of fares before I did so; I

was going to a house in sight of Hyde Park Corner, so there could be no doubt as to the distance; it was just over a mile and a quarter. I therefore considered the shilling sufficient, though I habitually add a sixpence when either the distance is near the two miles or I have taken the man out of the way of soon getting another fare; but for a mile and a quarter, and going only close to Hyde Park, I handed the man the correct fare. Well, we all know what would be likely to happen; he could not say that it was not the right amount, but he sat still there and loudly abused me till my friend's servant opened the door, while a policeman on the other side of the road stood and looked on. This sort of thing surely ought to be stopped. I know no other capital in Europe in which it happens.

Mrs. Ayrton's address to the electricians was a great success. The eminent scientists present paid her the best compliment possible—they took her seriously, and pointed out the matters that still needed clearing up to enable her explanation of the jumping and hissing of the electric arc light to be accepted as a genuine discovery. It is interesting to see women going forward in science. Up to the present, astronomy is the only science in which any of our sex have made much mark, and there women's work is fully recognised. The latest instance is the addition of a woman's name to the list of officials of the great American University, Harvard. A Scotchwoman, Mrs. M. Fleming, has been appointed there the "Curator of Astronomical Photographs." Her work is more important and individual than that name implies, as she takes the sky-photographs that have now largely superseded the less perfect instrumentality of the eye at a telescope, and examines them to such good purpose that she has discovered five out of the total of six new stars that have been catalogued since 1885.

Miss Julia Marlowe, the distinguished American actress, is coming to the Congress in June to represent her country in that branch of women's work. Miss Marlowe



A SIMPLE TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

society have made their selection. It is clear, of course, what will be the general outline—the long, waving, soft draperies, the boleros, the yokes with fullness arranged under them to the waist, the tunic overskirts with a different skirt showing underneath, the Princess polonaises. But there are a multitude of tiny matters that mark the difference between one living in the heart of the whirlpool of giddy fashion and the rest of womankind. Such a matter, for instance, as the degree to which the head is to be decorated in the evening; what will be adopted? The leading hairdressers are fully convinced that so much will be worn that really it might almost be used by day for a bonnet; but it is mere prophecy, for perchance the well-dressed world will not have it. In the meantime, great are the preparations. Rosettes of tulle, from which rise large bows of velvet ribbon or wings of gauze embroidered with "diamonds," or circlets of flowers intermixed with tulle twists and finished with upstanding aigrettes to match, are the sort of charming decoration prepared. A good deal of ornament on the head is becoming to most women, and no doubt we shall wear these elaborate coiffures to our own advantage at the season's evening functions.

The cut-out cloth known usually as drap décapée or guipure de drap, is the mainstay of many new models; the elaborate and artistic patterns now supplied in it lend themselves to all sorts of uses. In the new play at the Paris Vaudeville, Mdlle. Réjane makes use of guipure de drap on two of her toilettes, one for evening, the other for afternoon. In the evening dress there is a foundation of mauve mousseline-de-soie covered with cream lace in front, and supporting a tunic which covers the back and sides, of cream drap décapée, a flounce of lace coming under to form a long sweeping train. The cut-out design is a bold one of pointed leaves and rounded flowers, showing the mauve soft underskirt well through. There are long transparent sleeves of lace, and the corsage is cut down in a deep V, which is surrounded by a scarf of mauve mousseline-de-soie tied in a loose knot, with ends falling from the bust. The second dress in the like materials, but intended for afternoon wear indoors, when Madame receives (and yet it is not a tea-gown), is of yellow mousseline-de-soie covered with guipure lace; upon this is laid, from neck to feet, a stole, shaped to the waist and then widening



A SMART TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

is the wife of Mr. Robert Taber, who has recently been taking leading parts at the Lyceum. When they were first married, the lady attempted to call herself "Mrs. Marlowe Taber," but her manager brought an action to compel her to keep her well-known name; he was able to prove that the receipts from the tour fell off to an extraordinary degree as soon as the unknown "Mrs. Taber" replaced the celebrated "Miss Marlowe" on the bills—and judgment was given that she must not use a new name, for her work at any rate. There is "something in a name"!

A very successful show of dogs owned by ladies has been held in Dublin by the Ladies' Kennel Association, and it was again shown that women are as fond of the big dogs and the hearty, loving bully whose face so belies him as of the smaller pets. The show was visited by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan. The Kennel Club is continuing the organisation of a rival ladies' society in association with itself, notwithstanding the protest against the idea; but I hear that many of the members of the old and powerful club are by no means pleased with this and other recent decisions of the majority. FLORENA.

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The TEN MACHINES will be DISTRIBUTED amongst the TEN PERSONS whose LISTS PRODUCE the BEST RESULTS (SALES) within two months from May 20.

A rare chance for Girls and Youngs, and to encourage such, and also those who have no urgent need of a Sewing Machine, ONE HUNDRED HALF-GUINEA PRIZES will be given away under similar conditions.

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This Competition applies only to Great Britain and Ireland.

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	PAGES.
PART I. HORSES -	12-76
PART II. DOGS -	77-112
PART III. BIRDS -	113-130
PART IV. CATTLE -	131-170

PREFACE.

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

"The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service."

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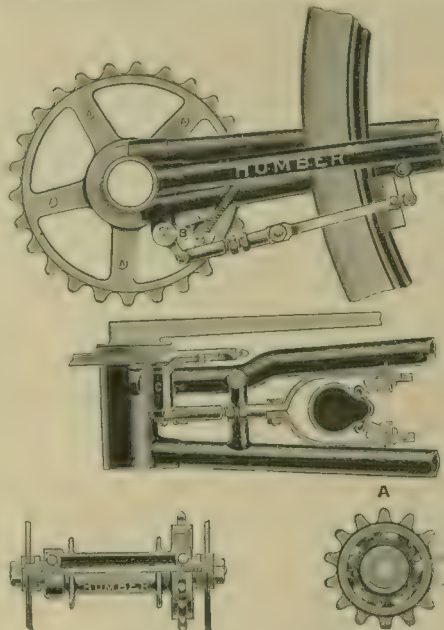
WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Aberdeenshire, of the trust disposition and settlement, dated July 24, 1896, of Mr. John Mitchell Keiller, of 13, Hyde Park Gardens and Morvern, Aberdeen, who died on Jan. 2 on board the yacht *Erl King*, granted to Mrs. Mary Keiller, the widow, Alexander Monfries, and Dr. David Middleton Greig, the executors nominate, was rescinded in London on March 22, the value of the estate in England and Scotland amounting to £435,367.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1896) of Mr. Frederick Davis, J.P., of 24, Park Crescent, 147, New Bond Street, and Turret Court, Westgate-on-Sea, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 24 by Charles Davis, Edward Pinder Davis, and Felix Arthur Davis, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £254,847. The testator gives £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Bella Davis, Laura Victoria Samuel, Gertrude Stettiner, Hannah Therese da Costa Andrade, and Florence Belinda Leney; £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Annie Maud Pike; his business of a dealer, importer, and expert in works of art to his son Charles, together with the option of taking a lease of 147, New Bond Street, at £1200 per annum; £5000 each to the trustees of the marriage settlements of his sons Edward and Felix; the gold stud presented to him by the Duchess of Marlborough to his son Charles; and a few small legacies. He devises his freehold and leasehold premises in New Bond Street, upon trust, to apply the income for his three sons and their wives and children. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children. The large provision made for his wife has lapsed by her death.

The will (dated May 11, 1896) of Captain Arthur Wiggins, of Sandhills, near Christchurch, Hants, who died on Oct. 30 last, was proved on March 22 by Mrs. Ada L. Wiggins, the widow and administratrix, the value of the estate being £222,338. The testator gives £1000 and his horses, carriages, wines, and consumable stores to his wife, and, during her widowhood, the use of Sandhills, with the furniture and effects therein, and the income of one-third of his residuary estate; £500 each to his brother-in-law, Walter Leslie, and his sister, Elizabeth Willoughby, and £100 to his friend, Captain Charles Whitaker. On the decease or remarriage of his wife, he gives Sandhills and one-third of his property to his eldest son. Subject thereto, he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate between all his children.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 5, 1898), of Mr. Charles Peyto Shrubbs, of Merrist Wood, Worplesdon, Surrey, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on March 20 by Mrs. Charlotte Emily Shrubbs, the widow, Edward Aubrey Beverley Elers, the nephew, and Charles Peyto Shrubbs, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £156,066. The testator gives £500 and an annuity of £500 to his wife; £5000 to the trustees of a settlement dated July 17, 1891; £10,000 to his daughter, Nellie Amelia Elizabeth; £15,000 to his son, Henry Gordon Shrubbs; £300 to E. A. B. Elers; and £100 each



A NEW SYSTEM OF FREE PEDALS.

A new charm has been added to cycling by the introduction of "free pedals," with an efficient lock and brake. "Cushion" is a gradual device is certainly fascinating, but at present it is fraught with a certain amount of danger by the rapid revolutions of the pedals and the awkward position of the feet. By the introduction of the new device, riders can keep their feet stationary on the pedals, a most comfortable position, and in no way unsightly—still having the machine under perfect control, for by slightly back pedalling the brake is applied instantly. By looking at Fig. A, which is an illustration of the back cog, it will be seen that the mechanism of this improvement is very simple, though ingenious. It consists of a roller running up an incline plane, which, when pressure is brought to bear, jumps the wheels, and immediately on withdrawing the pressure, falls back into its original position, letting the wheel revolve freely. Messrs. Hunter and Co. have the credit of introducing this invention, which can be fitted to their Beeston and Wolverhampton machines at an extra cost of £1.

to his butler, kennel-huntsman, and bailiff. He directs that his old and useless hunters, other horses, and ponies used by him are to be shot within three months of his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son Charles Peyto for life, and then as he shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1897) of Mr. Frederic Elias Warburg, of 8, Porchester Terrace, who died on Feb. 9,

was proved on March 13 by Frederic Samuel Warburg and Oscar Emanuel Warburg, the sons, Jacob Oppenheim and Charles Cheston, the executors, the value of the estate being £210,928. The testator gives £10,000, and his house with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Jane Warburg; £500 each to his executors; £9000, upon trust, for his brother Mauritz Magnus Warburg, his wife and family; £5000 to the children of his sister Rachel Alida Stangenburg; and £1000 to Mrs. Minna Bendixson. The last three legacies, amounting to £15,000, are to be paid out of securities deposited with the Scandinavianiska Kredit Aktiebolaget of Stockholm. A sum of £200,000 is to be held, upon trust, to pay annuities of £150 to George S. Tingle, £100 to George Pringle, and £250 to his son Frederic Samuel while he keeps the accounts of the trust property, and the remainder of the income thereof to his wife during her life. Subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate upon trust for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1890), with seven codicils (dated Aug. 23, 1892, Dec. 20, 1894, Nov. 24, 1896, Oct. 9, 1897, March 23, Nov. 19, and Dec. 30, 1898), of Mr. John Hayball Paul, M.D., of The Terrace, Camberwell, and South View, Chale, Isle of Wight, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 23 by Commander William John Casberd-Boteler, R.N., and Mrs. Elizabeth Aubyn Florence Casberd-Boteler, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £138,079. The testator gives £100 to the Medical Psychological Society; £5000 to the unmarried daughters of his late sister Mariana; £200 to Commander Casberd-Boteler; £500 each to his godson, Dermot Fitzgerald, the son of Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and his granddaughter Ethel; £200 to his brother-in-law, Frederick George Aubin; £500 each to G. H. Boteler-Irby and Dr. Frank Schofield, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, her husband and children.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1894), with a codicil of the same date, and another of Nov. 26, 1898, of Mr. William Taylor, of Vine House, Southport, and of William Taylor, Limited, Oldham, cotton-spinners, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 20 by Thomas Scholes Hague and Jonathan Scholes, the executors, the value of the estate being £132,879. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the National Life-Boat Institution and the Oldham Infirmary; £500 to St. Paul's Eye and Ear Institution, Liverpool; £500 to Jonathan Scholes; and £200 each to James Jackson, Ellen Mellor, Harriet Jackson, James Kershaw, Jonathan Kershaw, Harriet Rothwell, Ann Warburton, Emily Brooks, and Jane Butterworth. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Hague, for life, and then for her four children.

The will (dated March 25, 1885), with three codicils (dated April 24, 1885, Feb. 9, 1888, and Aug. 29, 1895), of Mr. William Keiller, of Fernwood, Wimbledon, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 20 by John Bult Meredith and the Rev. Francis Clarke, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £117,341. The testator bequeaths £1000, and during her widowhood the

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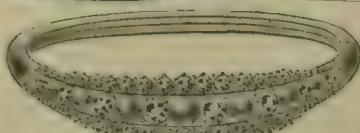


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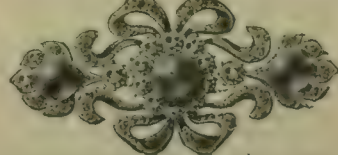
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(From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.)

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HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too-rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE ALL BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise GREAT CARE in the USE of ALCOHOLIC DRINKS; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very apt to disagree; while light, white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the RIGHT TRACK TO HEALTH. A WORLD of WOE is AVOIDED by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

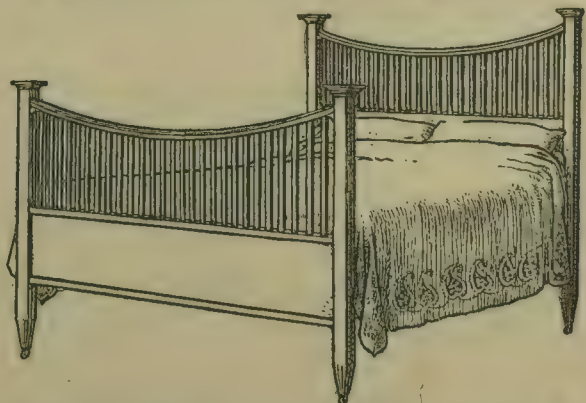
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income of £20,000 and the use of part of his household furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Keiller, or, in the event of her marriage, the income of £10,000; £20,000 each to his sons Edwin, Ernest James, and William Albert; £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Ethel Margaret and Maud Elizabeth Catherine; £1000 each to Mrs. Catherine Stiven, Alexander Keiller Bruce, William Keiller Bruce, and James Macnee; £2000 each to Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke and Barbara Govan; £500 to Margaret Norrie; £500 each to Caroline and Georgiana Bell, if unmarried at the time of his decease; £200 each to his executors; £20,000 each to the sons, and £5000 each, upon trust, for the daughters of his second marriage; one year's subscription to such of the societies as he has been in the habit of subscribing to, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will (dated July 4, 1898) of Mr. James Petty Hine, J.P., of 8, Carlton Crescent, Southampton, brewer, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on March 21 by Arthur Thomas Ashwell, Frank Cave Penny, and Henry Telford Hine, the executors, the value of the estate being £82,681. The testator gives £50, an annuity of £350, and the use, for life, of his house and furniture to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Scullum Hine; £500 to H. T. Hine, and £100 to the Southampton Dispensary and Provident Medical Institution. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each to his daughters, Mrs. Amelia Penny and Kate Louise Hine, and one third, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ethel Hine, the widow of his

son James Cullen Hine, during her life or widowhood, and then to his son's children.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1897) of Mr. Stephen Green, J.P., of Fenton, Wiston, Pembroke, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on March 21 by his nephews, John Green, John Edward Rice Jones, and Frederick Powell Green, the executors, the value of the estate being £17,311. The testator devises and gives the Fenton estate, other farms, lands and premises, and his household furniture and effects to his niece Helen Frances Green; other freehold property in Haverfordwest and the furniture in his house at Bridge Street, to his nephew John Green; and certain freehold properties, upon trust, for his nieces Emily and Gertrude Green, Mrs. Trayler, Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Harris. Subject to a few small legacies, he leaves the residue of his property to the children of his nephew Frederick Powell Green.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 2, 1898), of the Right Hon. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., of 16, Lowndes Street, who died on Feb. 21, was proved on March 24 by Sir Robert George Wyndham Herbert, G.C.B., Allan Campbell, and Dame Letitia Florence Bowen, the widow, the executors, the value of the estate being £16,270. The testator bequeaths to his son, George William Howard Bowen, to devolve as heirlooms, his insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, the gold trowel presented to him on his laying the first stone of the Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne, the centrepiece given to him in New

Zealand, and various testimonials; to his wife, £2500 and his household furniture and effects; £100 each to his executors; and £50 each to his grandchildren, Diamantina and Allan Campbell. His residuary estate is to be divided between his children. Various amounts settled upon his children are to be brought into account.

The will of Mr. John Thomas French, of Harbat Lodge, Alston; Cumberland, and of Wylam Wharf, Sunderland, who died on Jan. 12, has been proved by Joseph Graham, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £1525.

The Great Northern Company announce that they are running their own passenger train service throughout between London (King's Cross) and Manchester (Central). Several of the most important express trains, with luncheon and dining accommodation (1st and 3rd class), are run daily via Nottingham and Sheffield, thus placing Nottingham upon the main route to Manchester. The remainder of the service is worked via Retford and Sheffield. The principal trains are composed of new stock specially constructed. The dining and luncheon cars are of the newest and most approved type. The Great Northern passenger terminus in Manchester is the Central Station, of which they are joint owners, and pending the completion of the Nottingham Central Passenger Station, the through trains stop at the new Great Northern Station at London Road, Nottingham.

IT IS

GOOD to have a pure soap that will not destroy the texture of fine fabric.

BETTER to have a soap that will not harm the tenderest skin; but it is by far the

BEST to have a soap that is not merely harmless, but directly beneficial.



IS

Good because it will not destroy the texture or colour of any fabric.

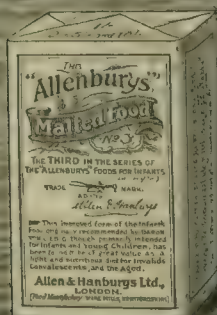
Better because it will not harm the delicate tissue of any skin.

Best of all, because it is directly beneficial.

SWAN White Floating SOAP is made of oils and fats pure and sweet enough to eat.
 SWAN White Floating SOAP will not injure the daintiest or most delicate fabric.
 SWAN White Floating SOAP makes damask, and other fine linen, white as the whitest snow.
 SWAN White Floating SOAP gives a health-glow to the skin, inducing that "soothing sensation" at once so delightful and so comfortable.

A Purer Soap is beyond the Art of Soapmaking.

"Infants fed on this Food are neither fretful nor wakeful"



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The "Allenburys" Milk Food No 1

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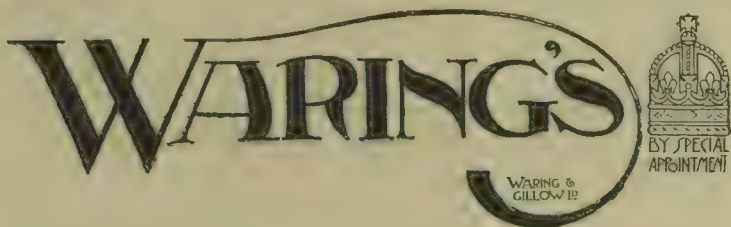
specially adapted to the first three months of life.

similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURY'S MALTED FOOD," is adapted to, and has proved all that can be desired for Infants after five or six months of age.

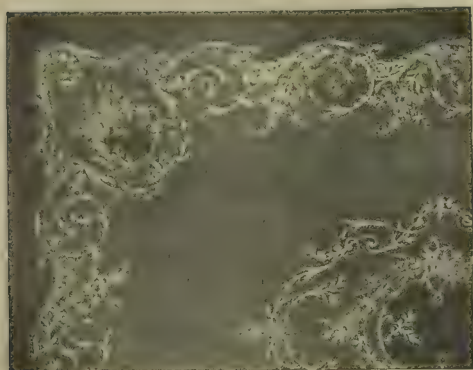
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A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

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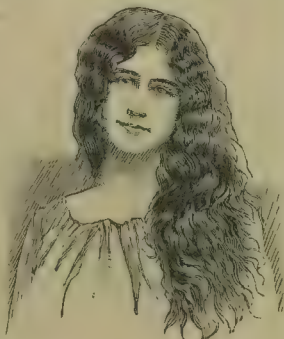
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"HARLENE" PRESERVES, STRENGTHENS, AND INVIGORATES CHILDREN'S HAIR, KEEPS THE SCALP
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Full Description and Directions for Use in Twenty Languages supplied with every Bottle.
1s., 2s. 6d., and (three times 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all
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"LILINE" FOR THE SKIN & COMPLEXION.
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"Yes, Sir!!"



Tortoise-shell Mixture

is what we smoke."

... it is a mixture of pure Tobaccos, scientifically blended, free
from added scent, flavouring or sugar, which only spoil the natural
aroma of the natural leaf. It differs entirely from any tobacco
hitherto put before the public. Give it a trial. Sold in 1 ounce
Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce Tortoise-shell tins.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Etc., says:—
"Pure tobacco is as essential a condition for the smoker as pure food and pure
air . . . and your Tortoise-shell Mixture is absolutely pure and makes
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Ask at all First-class Tobacconists and Stores.

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Cut and Made by
Experienced Tailors,

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Sent carefully Packed in Strong Box per Parcel Post for 1s. extra.
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When ordering, send measurements round bust under the arms, and waist,
length of sleeve, also front length of skirt. Stock sizes are 34, 36, and 38 inches
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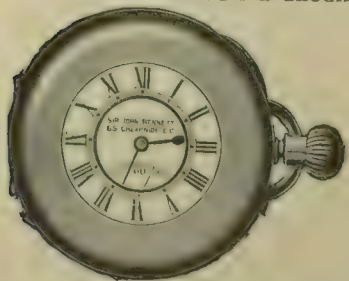
union; but our Volunteers have discovered that, for purposes of drill, union is only a certain source of weakness, and that they must disintegrate themselves in order to get the greatest advantage out of their Easter manoeuvres. Formerly the passionate devotees of panoramic show and hammer-and-tongs sham-fighting, they are now enamoured of battalion drudgery and detail work. Thus it is that our Metropolitan Volunteers, instead of combining into one huge unwieldy mass and precipitating themselves on some point of the southern coast as if it were menaced by the approach of a French flotilla of invasion, now spread themselves out all over the home counties—from Colchester to Canterbury and from Aldershot to Chatham—and spend their time in learning the practical duties of the art of war. Many of them make a two-days' march to their respective rendezvous instead of being whirled to it by train, and thus inure themselves to the primary operation of all campaigns; Moltke, by the way, used to say that the Germans did more by the use of their leg-muscles than by the use of their muskets to win their battles with the French. Arrived at their various destinations the men then devote themselves with the most self-denying zeal to the display of discipline and the practice of the minor military duties. They are taught how to pitch camps, to keep guard and do sentry duty, to salute their officers whenever they meet them, to live in quarters like their comrades of the line, to go to bed at nine and respond to the bugle-call at sunrise, to go through the exercise of field-firing, and to throw out lines of pickets over a large extent of country. Indeed, the duties of outpost service, which are, perhaps, the most important of all military

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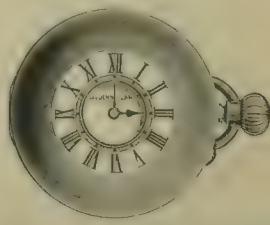
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£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three
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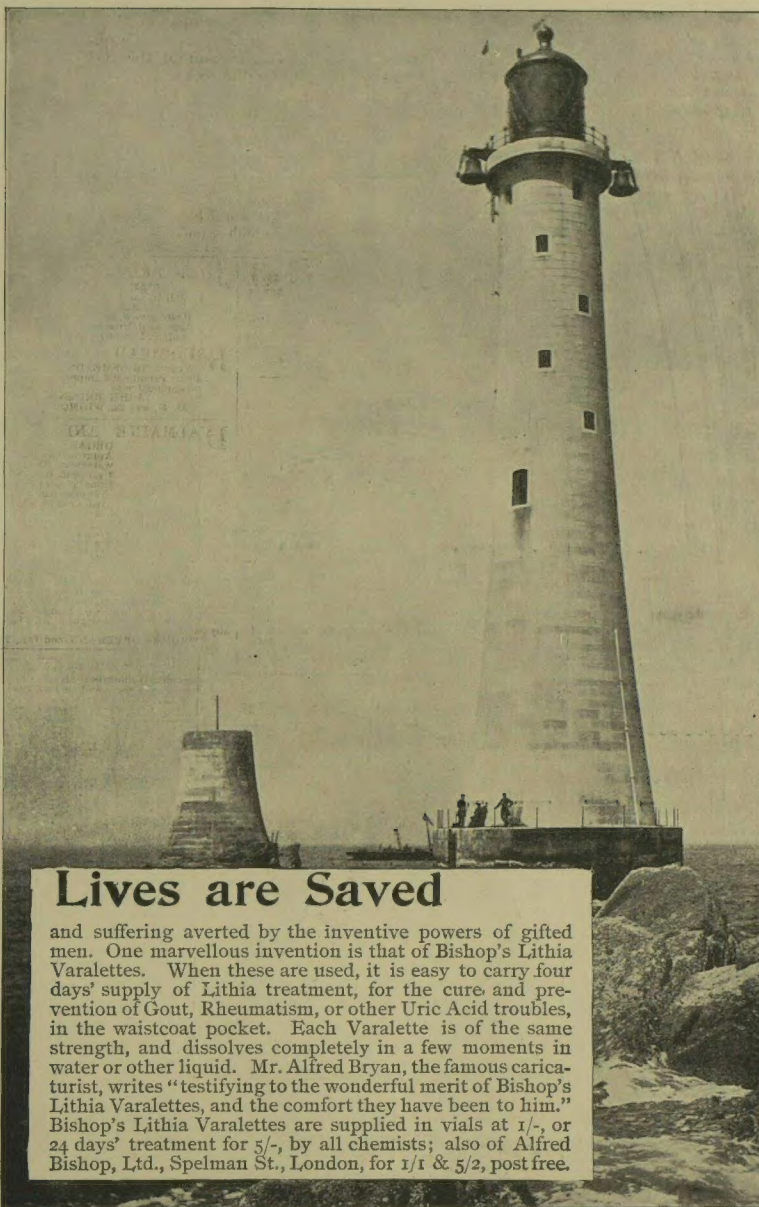
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and suffering averted by the inventive powers of gifted men. One marvellous invention is that of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes. When these are used, it is easy to carry four days' supply of Lithia treatment, for the cure and prevention of Gout, Rheumatism, or other Uric Acid troubles, in the waistcoat pocket. Each Varalette is of the same strength, and dissolves completely in a few moments in water or other liquid. Mr. Alfred Bryan, the famous caricaturist, writes "testifying to the wonderful merit of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes, and the comfort they have been to him." Bishop's Lithia Varalettes are supplied in vials at 1/-, or 24 days' treatment for 5/-, by all chemists; also of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Spelman St., London, for 1/1 & 5/2, post free.

Advertisement by F. W. Sears, from a photo by Frith & Co.

Pale, Anæmic People should Take less Iron.

Of all drugs in the *Materia Medica*, Iron is probably the most abused, and the most indiscriminately employed. An average person has in health about fifty grains of Iron in his or her Body, divided into millions of particles, and each particle separately united with other substances in the Body. Five, ten, or fifteen grains of Iron less than this average fifty will more than account for the Pale, Wan Faces, the Weak Frames, the Weak Backs, the Short Breath, the Weak and Swollen Ankles and Palpitation of Anæmics, besides other more delicate and serious Symptoms, to which further reference is out of place here.

If, then, a person is primarily Anæmic for lack of five or ten grains of Iron in the System, what is the use of giving or taking hundreds of grains of Iron, as is commonly done, when an excess of Iron in the Stomach and Intestines is known to derange Digestion and to cause Constipation?

Where does the Iron in our Bodies come from in the first instance? From Food, and Food alone. Anæmics must not look to taking crude Iron as a cure, but to Food and its Digestion. Herein lies the real source of the trouble. Anæmics have bad Digestions in one way or another, and frequently poor Appetites. The excess of Iron they take makes the trouble worse.

Anæmics should study their Diet and the Digestion of Food. It will pay them to do so. Let them decide to call in the kindly aid of Guy's Tonic after each meal, and it will actually help to bring about the preliminary Digestion of what is eaten. Still more, Guy's Tonic will strengthen the Digestive Powers themselves, so that they work more thoroughly, and this, as a matter of course, brings about a good Appetite followed by a good Digestion.

The Food in the Stomach is required in the Blood. It can only get into the circulation by first being digested. Guy's Tonic enables this to be done, and thus facilitates the absorption of Food Nutrient to serve as material to rebuild up the Body in full Strength and Vigour.

Now we come to the point at which the digestion of Anæmics so frequently fails. The first Digestion in the Stomach, etc., has to be followed by a second Digestion in the Tissues and other Organs, and the Blood carries the Food of the first Digestion to them for this express purpose. This second Digestion is a vital one; new Life and Vitality is really created by it. When things are right we are well nourished. Be very sure that the Iron in foods, such as red meats and vegetables, will be grasped to the full extent the Body requires, and not an atom more.

Now Guy's Tonic has a Tonic invigorative action on this second Digestion which is beyond praise. If the process is weak, as it is with Anæmics, Guy's Tonic strengthens it, so that the System receives the special nutriment it craves, and with it the necessary amount of Iron such as Food contains—red meats, &c.—and no more. Guy's Tonic is therefore strongly recommended to be used by Pale, Nervous, and Anæmic People. It will invariably do them good.

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CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS
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"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.
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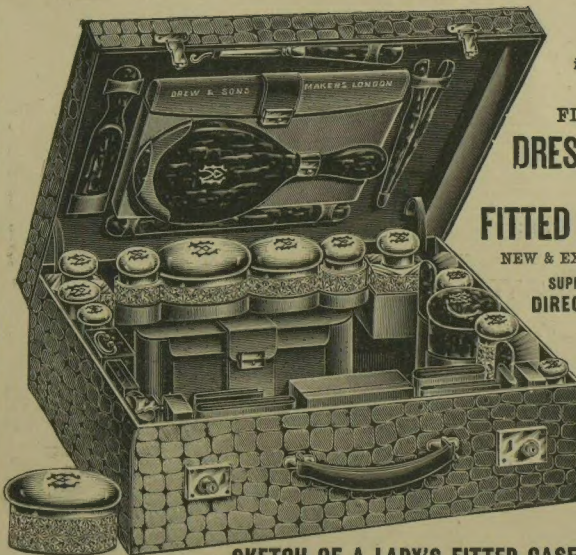


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THE LARGEST
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Designs & Estimates
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Recently Designed and Manufactured throughout by DREW & SONS,
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Preserves, Nourishes, Enriches, and Restores the Hair more effectually than any other preparation. Prevents Scurf, Greyness, and Dandruff, and has a most delightful bouquet of roses. Invaluable for Ladies' and Children's Hair. Also in a **GOLDEN COLOUR**, for fair or grey hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 equal to four small, a great saving.

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We wish to point out that "Capitol" eradicates the densest growth of Scurf and Dandruff in 10 to 14 days, and therefore is the best Hair Tonic in existence to prevent the hair from falling out.

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Invented by a lending medical authority on Skin Diseases.

A single bottle will prove its superiority over all others.

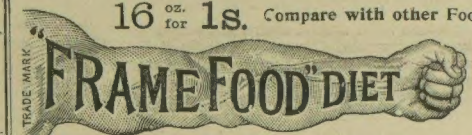
Insist on "Capitol," and do not allow dealers to dissuade you from giving it a trial.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
2/6 & 3/6 per Bottle.

If any difficulty in procuring, will be sent by post for 5d. extra from

MULHENS' 4711 Depot, 62, New Bond St., London, W.

16 oz. for 1s. Compare with other Foods.

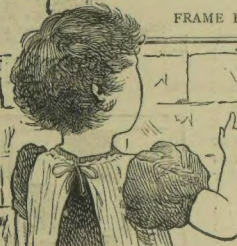



A cooked Food rich in
Albuminoids and Phosphates,
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INFANTS, INVALIDS, & EVERYBODY.

It is easily Digested by the YOUNGEST INFANTS.

1/2-lb. Sample "FRAME FOOD" DIET, or 5-oz. Sample JAR "FRAME FOOD" JELLY sent FREE for 3d. 10 pay postage. Both sam. 6s. 1/6 for 4d. for postage. Mention this Paper.

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"My Mammy brought me up on THAT."

"Mine didn't!"

Marching Onward!

All "Kitcheners" to a man.
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**YORKSHIRE
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THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE
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YORKSHIRE RELISH is Sold Everywhere in Bottles, 6d., 1/-, & 2/- each. Beware of Substitutions.

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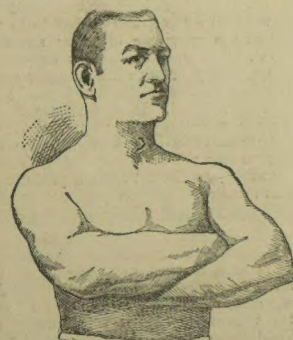


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For Bath and Toilet use.

PASTA MACK is made in perfumed Tablets, Sparkling and Effervescent when placed in the water. Beautifies the complexion, softens the water and yields a delicious perfume to the skin.

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Manly purity and beauty are inseparably associated with CUTICURA, the world's greatest blood purifier, humour cure, and skin beautifier.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. NEWNELL & SONS, London. Foreign Depot and Office: GORE, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U.S.A.

See "How to Purify the Blood and Beautify the Skin," free.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness and comfort, and will last twice as long as any other Towel they have tried.

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To be obtained from all Drapers and Chemists. A FREE SAMPLE will be sent to any Lady naming this paper. Two do. post free.

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"COOPER" CYCLES.
AGENTS WANTED.

Latest 1899 Pattern throughout. 12 Months' Warranty. £5 10s.

Ladies' Machines from £6.

LISTS POST FREE.

W. COOPER, 753, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.



ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Odd to relate, at a time when skilful diplomatists ought to be at a premium, at any rate in France, the death of the Comte de Chaudordy, which happened in the early part of last week, passed almost unperceived in Europe and did not arouse much comment even in France. Yet the most sincere admirers of, and honest well-wishers to, the Third Republic cannot pretend that the régime has been particularly prolific in diplomatists of what, for want of a better term, one must call "their own breeding." At the fall of the Second Empire there was still a considerable residue of the "old stock" left, but even that had become deteriorated by the admixture of a newer school which was due to Napoleon the Third's initiative, and did by no means compare favourably with that represented by Talleyrand, Metternich, Nesselrode, and their contemporaries.

Comte de Chaudordy had practically imbibed the traditions of the Talleyrand and Metternich method, although he was only born when the latter was at the end of his career. I am not prepared to say that these luminaries of the diplomatic firmament of the early part of the century had greater natural gifts than their successors, but they had more acquired gifts. They had, in the first place, learned "l'art de causer." I am sorry I cannot translate this into English, but "l'art de causer" does not mean "the art of talking." Auguste Vauquerie, Victor Hugo's friend, and a master of French if ever there was one, even had to explain it at some length. "Parler," he said, "c'est de savoir parler; causer, c'est de savoir parler et écouter." Thiers, who considered himself the acme of a diplomatist, did not know how to listen. At the memorable interview between him and Lord Granville, towards the end of 1870, he held forth for nearly an hour, Lord Granville listening intently all the while. Five minutes after Lord Granville began his answer Thiers was fast asleep.

Persigny, whom Napoleon III. sent over, was worse than Thiers, for when the latter spoke, he spoke sense, and more often than not excellent sense. Persigny could only hector and bully and talk nonsense. Benedetti began by holding his adversary, Bismarck, too cheaply, and by the time he gained an inkling of the latter's strength, it was too late to oppose him boldly, and he could only plot and leave Napoleon III. in the fool's paradise he and others had created for him. The Duc de Gramont at Vienna fancied that his experience of the world of Paris would stand him instead of a thorough knowledge of diplomacy, which must, in order to be effectual, be also based upon a knowledge of the former doings of European Cabinets. He fancied that his undoubted personal elegance, his great historic name, his charming manners, all of which told considerably at the Hofburg, would suffice to checkmate the plans of the, to him, uncouth Pomeranian squire, whose genius he does not appear to have suspected for a moment; and from a bad diplomatist, which Nature intended him to be, if she had any designs at all upon him in that way, he became a mediocre one, which, from a practical view, is worse than being a bad one.

For Lamartine was absolutely right when, in 1848, he delivered himself as follows: "Seeing that a new Government cannot make a good selection in the filling of diplomatic posts; seeing that it can only choose between bad and mediocre diplomatists, that Government ought to prefer the bad to the mediocre. The reason is not far to seek. A mediocre diplomatist does something mediocre; a bad diplomatist does nothing at all." And to prove how correct he was in his estimate, he told a story practically against his own Government. He had chosen, according to his own maxims, a diplomatist to represent the Second Republic at Naples. A friend of Lamartine, travelling that way, went to see the new Ambassador. "Well," he asked, "were you pleased with your reception by the King?" "Do you think I trouble myself about those people?" was the answer. When, on his return to Paris, Lamartine's friend told him the answer of his Ambassador, Lamartine smiled. "You see, I was right in appointing a detestable Ambassador. If I had appointed a mediocre one, he would have sought interviews with his Majesty, and probably compromised a situation which the other one has left intact."

Of course, we must not take those stories too literally, but a few moments of reflection will, nevertheless, show us the philosophy underlying them, and Gambetta—a far different creature from Lamartine—had by his inherent cleverness a distinct perception of that philosophy. He had, naturally, to truckle more or less to the democratic assumption that one man is as good as another; but if he had lived, diplomatic France would probably have reverted to its aristocratic traditions—as far as possible. He himself was aware that, all things being equal, the man brought up among authentic family portraits, the originals of which could spell and were used to walk on carpets, was preferable to the political parvenu whom the whirligig of party strife had pitched to the front. Comte de Chaudordy unquestionably belonged to the category of men with family portraits, and, but for Gambetta's death, the world would have heard more of him than it did. It would have been a distinct gain to France, a blessing to Europe, and an eminently satisfactory arrangement to England, for the deceased diplomatist always saw the advantage of a thoroughly cordial understanding—as distinct from a professedly cordial one—with this country.

Trout-fishing has opened favourably on the Thames. On April 1, the first day of the season, the conditions were propitious, the water running in good volume at the weirs and the weather being warm. The takes for the day were not remarkable, but there is good promise of sport, large trout having been seen at Shepperton, Chertsey, and Teddington. In the Windsor district the level of the river has been fluctuating, and sport on the opening day was quiet. The same report comes from Hampton Court and Great Marlow. The hatcheries of Matlock Bath report a most successful trout-rearing season.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2860 received from S. Sabramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras); of No. 2859 from Charles Field, junior (Achol, Mass.), and Peter Grant (Macduff); of No. 2854 from J. Bailey (Newark), Richard Murphy (Wexford), and Jacob Verrall (Hodmell); of No. 2855 from Peter Grant (Macduff), Alpha, T. C. D. (Dublin), C. E. Perugini, P. Granville (Tufnell Park), J. B. Moon, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and J. W. D. Hoare (Bogor).

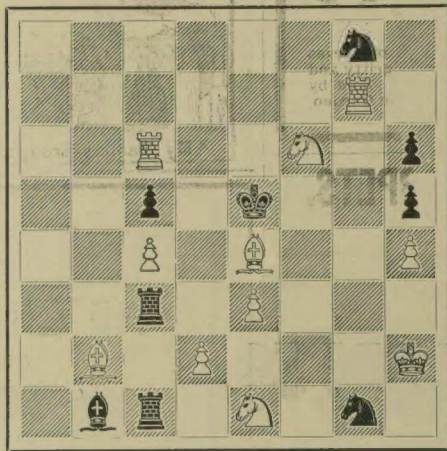
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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2865.—By H. COURTNEY FOX.

WHITE. 1. B to Kt 5th. 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch). 3. P to B 8th (a Kt), Mate.
BLACK. P to R 3rd or 4th. K to R 2nd.
If Black play 1. P to Kt 3rd, 2. Kt to K 7th; if 1. Kt to B 3rd, 2. B takes Kt; and if 1. Kt to R 2nd, then 2. Kt takes Kt, P to K 3rd or P to R 3rd; 3. Kt to Kt 6th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2868.—By ARTHUR NAPOLEAO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played in Moscow between Mr. LASKER and several players in consultation. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Allies). BLACK (Mr. Lasker).
1. P to K 4th. P to Q 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
3. P to Q 4th. P takes P.
4. Kt takes P. P to K 4th.
5. Kt takes Kt. Kt P takes Kt.
6. B to Q B 4th. Kt to K B 3rd.
7. Q to K 2nd.
If Kt to B 3rd at once, Black can safely play Kt takes K P; and when Kt takes Kt, P to Q 4th regains the piece with advantage.
8. Kt to Q B 3rd. Q to B 2nd.
9. Castles. R to Q Kt sq.
10. P to Q Kt 3rd. Castles.
WHITE (Allies). BLACK (Mr. Lasker).
11. B to Kt 2nd. B to Q B 4th.
12. Kt to K R 4th. B to Kt 3rd.
13. Kt takes B. P takes Kt.
14. P to Q B 4th. P to Q 3rd.
15. P to K R 3rd. R to K sq.
16. Q R to Q sq. Kt takes P.
B to K 3rd was better, but Black did not see the fine strokes now rendered possible to White.
17. Q takes Kt. P to Q 4th.
18. B takes Q P. P takes B.
19. Q takes Q P. Q takes B P.
20. Q takes K P. Resigns.
Finely played. It threatens both Rooks and mate at once, and wins against any play.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played by correspondence between two amateurs. (Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.). BLACK (Mr. N.).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
3. B to Kt 5th. Kt to B 3rd.
4. Castles. Kt takes P.
5. Q to K 2nd. Kt to Q 3rd.
6. Kt takes P. B to R 2nd.
Black could have simplified matters, had he foreseen the end here, by simply Kt takes Kt; but the game is played on well-known lines up to this point.
7. B takes Kt. Kt P takes B.
8. R to K sq. B to Kt 2nd.
9. P to Q 4th. Kt to B sq.
10. A very fine conception, and the key to the whole attack which follows. If P to
WHITE (Mr. M.). BLACK (Mr. N.).
11. B to Kt 5th (ch) wins something; and P takes B is answered by Kt takes Q B P (dis. ch), etc.
12.
13. Q to R 5th. K to B 3rd.
14. Q to R 5th. K to B sq.
A little problem is presented at every move from this point, but the solution is not difficult. Here, if Kt moves to defend the Q P, B takes B (ch) wins; or, if B takes B, K takes P (ch) wins the Queen at least. A fine game in a small compass.
15. Q to Kt 4th. R to R 2nd.
16. B takes B. Resigns.
P to K R 3rd.
K to Kt sq.
R to R 2nd.
Q to Q sq.

"Caissas Brasileiras" (Jornal do Commercio, Rio de Janeiro).—This is a collection of five hundred problems, compiled either by Brazilians or by residents in Brazil, compiled by Arthur Napoleao. It is admirably got up and very clearly printed. It contains a good list of chess works, a code of laws, and a concise historical sketch of the game so far as Brazil is concerned. Many of the problems are of genuine merit and all reflect credit on the skill of their composers. We welcome the enterprise which has put forth this volume, and hope to see other evidence that chess has a strong footing among the South American Republics. Perhaps one day we may find another Morphy starting from their shores to carry confusion among the ranks of the Old World players.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

For years past I have maintained an attitude of what I may call healthy scepticism towards the pretensions of the great tribe of quacks who style themselves "hypnotisers," "animal magnetisers," "mesmerists," "clairvoyants," and the like. When a man or woman comes before me professing to read the past of my life, or to predict the future, or to tell me what is transpiring on the earth's surface hundreds of miles away, or to indicate what the "spirits" are doing in the nether world, I set him or her down as a fraudulent person. There may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in my philosophy, but I fail to discover that mesmerists and palmistry quacks are the chosen people who shall reveal them unto us. People will talk about new discoveries of science revealing mysteries hitherto hidden from us. Telephones and X-rays and wireless telegraphy and the like are supposed to justify a childish and puerile belief in whatever nonsense a spiritualistic medium or clairvoyant may profess. People who argue in this way forget that the essence of the scientific discovery consists in the demonstration of facts and laws, and not in inculcating a blind belief in that which you cannot test or touch. And so the crowd gapes at the so-called wonders of the quacks who fatten on the credulity of the ignorant, and who trade on the practical fruits of the axiom that the people are willing to be deceived.

Before now in this column I have said that we know what mesmerism is, scientifically regarded. It consists essentially in the switching off of the higher brain-centres, and in allowing the lower centres to be influenced by the outside suggestions of the operator. This much is quite clear about all mesmeric phenomena, and when you have admitted so much, you have stated the scientific side of the matter. I have shown how the so-called wondrous exploits of the French School of hypnotists were exploded by the investigations of the English Commission, and I have recently commented in this column on the barefaced impertinence with which the claims of female impostors in Paris to work hypnotic wonders have been aided and exploited. If ever people had cause to walk warily in dealing with so-called marvels it is when they are asked to believe in the reality of the hypnotic performances which find their level among the lowest inanities of the music-halls and the popular entertainment. Hence one welcomes heartily each fresh exposure of the trickery which underlies all such performances, and one recent case of rending the veil of mystery from the mesmeric quacks is well worth recounting.

The late Mr. Ernest Hart detailed in the *Century Magazine*, some years ago, the exposure of the ways and works of a well-known public performer in the hypnotic line through the confessions of one of his "assistants" or "subjects." These are the men who accompany him on tour, who act as the "vile bodies" whereon the experiments are made; who are believed to swallow castor oil and paraffin oil under the idea that they are drinking wine; who permit their cheeks to be pierced with needles, and who submit at large to every indignity—the spectators being asked to believe that the subjects, being hypnotised, are utterly automatic in their actions, and unconscious of everything that is done to them. Mr. Hart showed how such men are paid to simulate all they are supposed to do. They are very wide awake indeed, and simply train themselves to their disgusting work as a means of livelihood. And now we find from Melbourne ample confirmation of the correctness of Mr. Hart's researches. A certain "Professor" of mesmerism gave his public exhibition in Melbourne, and acquired great renown for his supposed influence over his subjects. He alleged that his mesmeric powers, of course, formed the basis of his special gifts in the way of reducing his subjects to the state of helpless imbecility in which they appeared on his platform. But even the worm will turn, and three of the "Professor's" subjects have been giving evidence to well-known Melbourne medical men by way of showing that their share of the performance depended on nothing in the way of hypnotism whatever.

They offered to submit to all the tests applied to them by the "Professor" without any suspicion of hypnotism being involved in their case at all, and stated that at no time had they ever been mesmerised in the course of the performances which excited so much attention. One of the three men was a "trance" subject, who had been alleged to remain in that state for six days running. The cataleptic state, like the other "mesmeric" phases, was a fraud. By simply accustoming themselves to the tests applied to them, the men were able to bear pain and to withstand effects such as would certainly cause ordinary people to wince and exhibit symptoms of distress. Thus one of the men imitated before the doctors the supposed mesmeric state in which rigidity of body is a prominent feature. He made his muscles rigid, and was then lifted from the floor and placed with his neck leaning on one chair and his heels on another. Then a person sat astride of his body while it remained suspended between the chairs, and thus proved that what was believed to be due to hypnotic influence was really accomplished by simple muscular control.

Threaded needles were passed through the lobes of the ears of these men, and the thread drawn to and fro without eliciting a sign of pain. Needles were used similarly to pierce the cheeks, and to penetrate the muscles of the thigh, with like result. The simple capacity of bearing pain was thus shown to explain what the mesmerist falsely claimed for his hypnotic influence. Then a mixture of cayenne pepper, salt, mustard, kerosene, vinegar, cod-liver oil, etc., was made in a big tumbler. This was swallowed without a grimace, and without apparent effect, by one of the men in his ordinary sober senses. Tests such as these teach us once again the duty of being on our guard against all the knavish tricks of the modern quack. His so-called wonders are only clumsy devices after all, and possess nothing of the merit of the clever illusion of the professional prestidigitateur.